THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 66. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 734 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1887. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 38

ENTREATIES.

BY E. M. C.

If thou at any time shouldst want a friend,
To cheer thee in thy weary walk through life,
To speak for thee, or rid thee in distress,
And, in thy brightest moods, to laugh with thee,
To guard thee from the slanderous tongues of men,
To stand by thee, and all thy burdens share,
To soothe thee when, in strife to gain the end,
Thy heart breaks down in sorrow: Then bethink
Thyself of one whose strength is never spent
When in thy cause 'tis given, whose love for thee
Will bear forgetfulness, distrust and scorn
And, strong beyond all other changeful loves,
Will still be thine when earthly things are past,
O friend so loved! I ask no more than this:
That it shall always be as it has been
With thee and me: that thou remember not
My weakness and mistrust, and only know
My love for thee shall last beyond all time.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER. I.

IT has even been, though in mid-June, a chill and dreary day, with a strong breeze and frequent showers; and, now that evening was come, the clouds hung lower and lower over the moor, and heavy rain-drops splashed at intervals upon the window-panes.

Up-stairs the floors creaked uncannily as the wind swept round the house; the lattices rattled; strange hollow moanings came down the chimneys. One up-stairs door in particular seemed on that gusty June evening to strain and fret at its lock more loudly than any other, as if it meant to fly back and lay bare the fearful secret it guarded.

It was the door of uncle Simon's own garret—his mysterious attic under the tiles of Moor Edge—a room which was never entered by any soul save himself. Ah, that dreadful place—that evil room!

Even now, looking back to those days of my life at Moor Edge, the memory of it makes me shudder, my heart sickens with horror; yet never once did I cross the threshold—never once behold the interior of the room. The door itself was enough for me. I am glad that I never saw beyond.

I stood before the broad and deep-set kitchen window, staring out upon the sage-gray moorland, bleared and troubled-looking in the stormy twilight mist, patiently watching for uncle Simon. He had left home two days previously, but this evening we expected him back. I was always glad to see him return to the lonely house where we lived; for his sister, aunt Hannah, was but sorry company for a girl of nineteen like me.

She—aunt Hannah—sat by the hearth, toasting slices of bread. There was a bright fire burning in the grate; the tea-pot, covered with a cosy, stood ready within the fender. As usual, when the day's work was done, my aunt was dressed in a plain skimp gown of some sad-colored stuff, a limp net cap with faded ribbons, and a small and very rusty black silk apron.

The weather being chilly, her pointed shoulders were draped—as indeed they generally were, chilly or not—with a knitted pink wrapper, which looked as if a visit to the wash-tub would have much improved its condition. Aunt Hannah was a very bony and a very low-spirited person. Her cheeks were thin and colorless, her long sharp nose was red at the tip, looking always frost-bitten. She was a nervous, bloodless creature, and at times suffered painfully from a disorder which she called "the jumps."

I can understand now that it was no wonder, poor soul! Ah, now—but not then! For what, brought up as I had been, could I know of the skeleton which dwelt at Moor Edge? All her life long, or nearly so, had aunt Hannah been familiar with the grisly thing.

The rattling of its bare bones, so to speak, was nothing fresh to her; though, in spite of her knowledge, her long familiarity with the truth, "the jumps" would occasionally overtake her.

I may say at once that I did not like my aunt Hannah; I had never really liked her—not even when I was a child. And yet, I believe, to do her justice, she was fond enough in her way of me.

"Flower," said she, without turning her head, "is your uncle coming?"

I strained my eyes in the twilight, with my forehead pressed against the window. I could descry nothing but the leaden undulations of the moor; not even a tree or a hawthorn-bush was visible from the kitchen window.

"No," I answered slowly, watching still. "It is all so gray and misty; and uncle Simon, when he went away, was wearing his gray suit and his gray hat. He would, you see, be the same color as the evening, out-of-doors."

"You might catch a glimpse of his black bag, though," observed aunt Hannah, in her thin monotonous voice.

"Yes; doubtless I shall see that first," answered I carelessly.

Uncle Simon was never known to quit Moor Edge without carrying his black bag with him. I had long ceased to wonder, whenever he set out on those mysterious journeys of his—which sometimes were of frequent occurrence and at other times happened rarely—what it was that he took away in his "black leather friend," as he called it, and what it was that he brought back with him.

I suppose aunt Hannah knew; but neither he nor she had ever told me. When uncle Simon was at home at Moor Edge, looking contentedly after his poultry, his two cows—Daffodil and Daisy—his pigs, and the garden, the black bag was locked up in the attic under the roof. We never saw it lying about the lower rooms. The attic was the best place for it.

Aunt Hannah went on with her toasting, and said no more. When the gusty wind was still, the only sounds that broke the silence were the ticking of the tall clock in its corner, and the loud purring of our deaf tortoise-shell cat Sally, which lay curled up comfortably upon the cushion of my uncle Simon's great arm-chair.

I date the story of my life from this most unsummerlike seventeenth day of June because it was the day, the memorable day, on which a certain thing had come to pass—something which had changed for me the whole aspect and tenor of existence, and had conjured into being, so to put it, all kinds of dim and sweet possibilities. Hitherto I had never thought or troubled about the future. I had begun, shyly and half fearfully, to think of the future to-day.

"Shall I tell him"—"him" meaning uncle Simon—"or shall I not?" I mused, marking mechanically how a rook, then with difficulty travelling homeward to the far-away woods near Stonyhampton, was "blown about the sky." "Suppose I should not see him to-morrow, as he said; suppose I should not meet him ever again? Why, in that case, it would be ridiculous to——"

I felt that in the fast-fading light a hot blush was gradually over-spreading my face; my very ears began to burn; for this second "him" did not mean my uncle Simon. It had distinct reference to some one else. But what matter? Aunt Hannah was not looking—could not see; nor could she guess what was passing through my mind.

"It's half-past seven!" she cried presently, glancing up at the solemn-faced old clock standing like a sentinel—or a sentinel's box rather—in its shadowy niche. "The toast will be as cold as a stone, and so'll the tea, before——"

At that moment I caught sight of the short square familiar figure, clad in its shabby gray suit, and, as usual, carrying the black bag in his hand, coming, with head bent to the wet west wind, slowly and wearily over the dim moor, onward to the lone house that was built upon the confines of it.

"Here is uncle Simon!" I interrupted, in a rejoicing tone. "It is so dull and wretched this evening, aunt Hannah—let me light the candles, will you? It will be more cheerful for him when he comes in."

"It isn't really dark enough for candles," complained my aunt; "but light 'em if you like."

Speaking, she came to the table whereon was set the tea-tray awaiting her attention; whilst I at once busied myself with match-box and brass candle-sticks, in order to give the place a snugger and more home-like appearance by the time our tired traveller should come in.

When he had reached the gate in the low stone wall which surrounded the garden at Moor Edge, I was ready to open the front-door and to fly down the path to meet him.

Why should I not throw my arms about the neck of my uncle Simon and kiss him? Did I not love him? Ah, kind Heaven, in those days of my absolute innocence and ignorance, did I not love him very sincerely? Yes; I see no reason why I should not confess it.

The cruel after-knowledge had not yet opened my eyes and turned my unquestioning girlish affection for him into something which, after all, I think, was never hatred. No; it may have been fear and shrinking and vague horror—something very near akin perhaps to loathing; but Heaven knows it was never downright hatred!

I had not then learned that he had wronged me because he loved me. I was conscious only that he was the one good friend I had ever known, the one truly kind relation I had ever known—indeed the only parent I had ever known.

And so, remembering no other—believing that I had no other—I loved him and looked up to him in those days as a child in its simplicity looks up to and reveres its natural guardian. Should I be blamed hereafter for an extraordinary lack of instinct, I cannot help it. I merely state the truth.

"My pretty Flower!" he said, in his caressing way, his arm at my waist, as together we went up the garden path. "And so you are glad to have me home again—eh?"

"Gladder than ever to-night, uncle," replied I gaily; "for it has come over so cold and stormy, and one can't be out of doors with any comfort. What makes you so late? The tea has been waiting for you ever so long."

"The train was late, and Lang was late," said uncle Simon. "It was after seven o'clock when he set me down upon the moor."

We were, I believe, more than five miles from Stonyhampton. Whenever we wished to get to the town, we walked across the wide and breezy moorland, met Lang and his nag at the cross-roads, and rode thither with him in his carrier's cart. Moor Edge itself stood in utter solitude. Garlands-on-the-Moor, the farm-house where the Acres lived, was quite a mile and a half from us.

Uncle Simon, as was his wont on his return, went straightway up-stairs; and we heard him unlock the creaking attic door, throw the black bag just as it was into the dismal room beyond, and lock the door again. Aunt Hannah just then was pouring out the tea. The bony red hand which held the tea-pot shook visibly, and one of the cups, I noticed, overflowed upon the tray.

When my uncle came down from the upper part of the house, he had changed his shabby gray suit for the one he always wore when at home with aunt Hannah and me, and had put on his slippers too.

He went up to aunt Hannah and kissed her on the forehead. She shivered, and did not look at him. His mild kind face, with its pale-blue gentle eyes, to me seemed somewhat to overcloud at her unsisterly coldness; and so, drawing my chair close to that of my uncle Simon, I slipped my hand into his in token of my affectionate sympathy. However, we were both of us used to aunt Hannah and her queer repellent ways.

"Hannah, will you look at the newspaper?" he said, half drawing one from his pocket as he spoke.

"Not to-night, Simon, thank you."

"Do you feel nervous, Hannah?" he inquired kindly.

"Not—not more so than usual, Simon, when you come home to Moor Edge of an evening," she replied.

"Have you 'the jumps,' Hannah?" asked uncle Simon playfully.

"No; but I shall have them perhaps by-and-by," she answered sullenly. "I suppose you would like some ham with your tea?"

"Thank you, Hannah," he said, with his quiet smile. "I have had a hard day's work, and am hungry."

"Don't!" she cried shrilly; and, rising abruptly from the table, she went into the pantry upon the other side of the passage to get the newly-boiled ham that was there.

Tea finished, the crockery put away, the fire replenished, and the hearth swept clean, my aunt, observing that there was a pile of linen to be sorted and folded, left me and uncle Simon together.

The clean linen was kept in a huge mahogany chest of drawers with massive brass ring-shaped handles which stood behind the door in the parlor—a large low square room, with a big hard horsehair sofa and some slippery horsehair chairs, some red-and-white china animals upon the mantelpiece, and a case of stuffed birds upon the table between the windows. The room faced the north-east, and seemed always cold, earthy, and silent, like a vault; the chimney generally smoked when a fire was first lighted in the grate; for the parlor was never used, except occasionally on a Sunday.

But the linen was aunt Hannah's pride, and the drawers in the mahogany chest were crammed full of it. She would sometimes kneel before those heavy open drawers for hours together, marking, folding, arranging, rearranging, and putting in fresh muslin bags of dried lavender—we had a row of stunted lavender-bushes upon the southern side of Moor Edge.

But, if ever I happened to come unawares upon her kneeling before those open drawers, she would shut them all up with a bang, one after another locking them in a kind of nervous haste.

When he and I were alone—Sally, the tortoise-shell cat, now asleep upon the patchwork rug, aunt Hannah's handiwork, before the kitchen fire—uncle Simon, with a fond look at me, said—

"Are you thinking that I have forgotten you this time, Flower?"

"Forgotten me, uncle?" I echoed rather

absently. "Oh, no! I was thinking—merely thinking——"

He was feeling in his pocket again. He drew out the newspaper which at tea-time he had offered to aunt Hannah, and which she had declined to look at, and, folding it and pressing it into a small square, with the poker he thrust it under the glowing grate.

Then he set fire to the newspaper and stared at it meditatively whilst it blazed away into nothingness. The last tiny spark died out of the black smouldering mass, and he looked up at me and smiled. Then, again putting his hand into his pocket, he this time drew out a thick volume richly but quietly bound on dark green, saying—

"No, I did not forget you, Flower. See!"

He was holding out the book to me. It was Macaulay's "Essays, Critical and Historical," a book that I had long desired to possess, having often heard my uncle Simon mention it in terms of the warmest admiration. I perched myself upon his knee, and thanked him with a hearty kiss.

"You dear kind generous uncle, how good you are!"

Something like a sigh escaped him, his gaze once more wandering to the fire as he held me upon his knee.

Rarely did my uncle Simon return home from one of those strange and secret journeys of his without bringing to me a present in the shape of a book worth having. Already the small bookcase in my bed-room contained the most popular works of Dickens, Thackeray, and dear George Eliot, with those of Tennyson, Moore, and Longfellow, and many others in prose and in verse.

My uncle Simon—a man, I believe, almost wholly self-educated—has been a great reader in his time, and indeed read much now at this period of his life, when he could find the leisure for that which was his favorite recreation.

Such books however as those of Smiles or of Helps were his chief delight in middle age, though occasionally a good novel pleased him mightily. On a Sunday afternoon, if he was at home, he always read Shakspeare, and on a Sunday evening the Bible. But he never went to church. Nor, for the matter of that, did I and aunt Hannah very often go—for one thing, the distance to Stonyhampton was a serious consideration; for another, when we did go, the congregation stared at us strangely and coldly, and aunt Hannah did not like such behavior. It made her cross and discontented, though doubtless she understood it.

If our life at Moor Edge was not exactly peaceful, it was a curiously quiet and uneventful one; and quiet is akin to peace.

"Just now," said my uncle Simon, touching my smooth black hair—it was beautiful, soft, "purple-black" hair, he sometimes told me—"just now you said that you were thinking of—— What was it, Flower?"

For a second time that evening I could feel the blood going upward to my ears and forehead. I laughed a trifle uneasily.

"I was thinking—thinking that you are looking unusually tired to-night, uncle," said I, lightly stroking the fringe of gray-white whisker which grew on either side of his kind face and met beneath his chin.

"No, Flower—that is not what you were thinking of," said my uncle Simon gravely.

"Well, you are right," I cried impulsively, after a pause. "I have not told you the actual truth." And with contrition I dropped my head upon his shoulder and took his hand into mine.

"Tell me the truth now then," he said gently.

"I—I was thinking, uncle, that—that I ought to confess something. That is the truth."

"Yes, my dear little girl?"

"Something that happened to-day—this afternoon, in fact."

"Let me hear it, Flower," said my uncle Simon; "and afterwards you shall get me my pipe."

"You know," I began somewhat lamely, "the old quarry on the moor, don't you—the little one, I mean, not the larger of the two—where the turf and the broom hang over and form a sort of cave?"

"Of course. Did you see any rabbits there to-day?"

"Lots; and I also saw something else."

"What was that, Flower?"

I drew a quick breath, and answered hurriedly—

"A young man—a stranger—a gentleman."

I felt my uncle start, as if a spasm had seized him; and I fancied too that he muttered, as if involuntarily, "At last! Has it then come, I wonder, at last?" Yet it may be that I was mistaken, for the next moment he was saying, as quietly and as gently as ever—

"And did he speak to you Flower?"

"Yes. It was like this. I was out on the moor with Jack Sprat for a walk after dinner, when a frightfully windy shower came on suddenly; and, as fast as I could, I ran down into the quarry for shelter. There was nowhere else to run. Of course I never dreamed of finding anybody there, but in the cavern, uncle, I ran right against this young man."

"And—and, child, you say he spoke to you?"

"Yes. But—but I really cannot remember what he said at first—I was much too confused and astonished. However, by degrees I began to understand what he was saying; and—and—I couldn't come away and leave him, uncle, you see, because of the rain. It was simply pelting down just then."

"Ay—I see," said my uncle Simon sadly. "What did he talk about, Flower?"

"Oh, he told me that he was an artist, and that he was painting a picture called 'A Summer Storm,' and that, wanting a particular bit of sky to put into this picture—which, it seems, is a large one—he had come out on to the moor in the hope of finding it overhead. He had with him a small easel, a large umbrella, and other things besides; and—and he says that he is very fond of the North of England, and has taken rooms for the summer at Garlands."

"What—at Garlands-on-the-Moor? With the Acres?"

"Yes. He arrived there from London, I think he said, the day before yesterday. He says he is enchanted with Garlands and the wild scenery hereabout."

"Did he tell you his name?"—"Yes—Daryl Darkwood."

"A good name," said my uncle Simon thoughtfully. "And, Flower, my darling, did you"—with something, I thought, like pain in his voice—"did you tell him yours?"

"I felt that I ought to, uncle, you see, when he asked me if I would. And of course I said that it was Creedy—Flower Creedy."

"What—what did he say then?"

This time I felt certain—it was no fancy of mine—that there was real anguish in the voice of my uncle Simon.

"All that he said was, speaking slowly, 'Creedy—Creedy. And so your name is Creedy?'"

"Ah!" said my uncle then; and he appeared to be thinking deeply.

"Uncle Simon," said I timidly, "if I should again meet this Mr. Darkwood on the moor—and he says that he will most likely be painting there every day—shall I recognise him—speak to him—or would you rather that I did not? I should like to do what is right."

"I would rather, Flower, that you did not," said my uncle, with a slow and wistful smile that I did not understand; "but the fact is, since matters have gone thus far, I do not see how you are to avoid doing so. Perhaps—well, perhaps the next time you meet him it may be with you, dear; and then—— You are sure that he is a gentleman?" he broke off.

"Quite sure," I answered earnestly. Yet at that time of my life, or at any rate until that day of it, I do not suppose that I had ever once in my recollection spoken to what the world calls "a gentleman." Notwithstanding, I felt positive that, if gentlemen walked the earth, Daryl Darkwood was one.

"I would not, if I were you Flower, go near the quarry again—at least not just yet," observed my uncle, after a short silence, in his kindest manner. "It might appear, you know, as if—well, as if you had wandered thither on purpose."

"Oh, no: I should certainly not go near the quarry, uncle Simon, unless I was obliged to!" I answered, laughing and reddening. "Mr. Darkwood, when the rain stopped and he wished me good-bye, said it was just the place for snakes, he should think; but I never saw one there, and said so."

"Nor I, Flower. I hope," observed my uncle Simon, in his mild way, "that you did not find one there to-day."

"No, as I told you, only rabbits without number, and—— Hark, uncle! Is that not Jack Sprat barking in the yard? Yes. Now who can be crossing the moor at this time of night?"

With hand uplifted to enjoin silence, I had slipped from my uncle's knee. We listened attentively.

The wind was still moaning in the chimney, though we could now see that the night had grown clearer, for a star was twinkling in the bit of dark sky which was visible through the wide kitchen lattice, across which, as it chanced, the curtain had not yet been drawn.

"Yes, that's Jack, sure enough," my uncle was agreeing, when the door behind us flew back, and aunt Hannah rushed into the kitchen.

She was trembling. Her face was white with fright. She gasped rather than spoke, with her lean hands clutching her breast—

"Simon, a footstep. It came up the garden and went around the house. I was in the parlor with the linen; I heard it distinctly; and then—and then the dog began to bark. There—can't you hear him now?"

"A footstep in the garden? Nonsense, Hannah," said her brother soothingly. "It is some one, as Flower says, crossing the moor; and what of that? Besides, Jack howls at the moon sometimes——"

"There's no moon to-night, Simon. Ha!" A cry of terror that was nearly a shriek here broke from aunt Hannah's lips, and she staggered heavily against uncle Simon's arm-chair. With one bony red hand she gripped the tall back of it for support; with the other, with every finger quivering, she was pointing to the uncovered window. "A face, Simon," she whispered, as if she were choking. "A face looking in! A dead, staring, awful face! It must be the face of one of your——"

"Fool!"

It was, or it seemed to be, the deft work of a moment. Aunt Hannah, with ashy parted lips and closed eyes, was lying back in the arm-chair, and uncle Simon, with iron grasp upon her shoulders, was standing over her and holding her thus. I could not see his face, but I noticed, I think for the first time, what fierce strength there was in his flat and wiry wrists.

"Fool!" spoke my uncle again.

He spoke quite calmly; but I, who had learned to know every tone of his voice, detected the intense anger which was breathed in that single word.

"You hurt me, Simon," whined aunt Hannah.

He removed his hands from her body, but shook her slightly as he did so.

"Don't you move," he said then, with all his old gentleness. "Keep quiet, and will get better."

Perceiving that she did not venture to stir, he stepped to the cupboard by the fireplace and took from an upper shelf in it the stone-jar of whiskey from which he was accustomed to brew his grog when he smoked his pipe of an evening.

The kettle upon the hob was at boiling point, and in less than a minute aunt Hannah's brother had mixed for her a tumblerful of strong spirit and water.

"Your poor aunt Hannah has got the jumps' with a vengeance to-night," said my uncle pleasantly, turning to me with the steaming jorum in his hand.

I nodded, and smiled back at him. It was not the first time by a good many that I had seen aunt Hannah with "the jumps," though never perhaps before had they seemed so bad as they were now.

"Jack is quiet again," I whispered. "It was really only some one going across the moor."

And I went to the window and drew the curtain, so shutting out the peeping stars.

"Of course that was all," said my uncle Simon aloud.

"That won't do. I know better," contradicted aunt Hannah, shivering violently. "I saw—I saw——"

"The reflection of your own white face in the firelight window," said her brother firmly. "Come, Hannah; no more nonsense! Drink this!"

Again he was standing over her, his back towards me, so that I was again unable to see his face. But I fancied that I heard a slight shuddering moan, such as might break from one who was menaced with and quailing from an immediate blow.

Certain it was that aunt Hannah murmured piteously—

"Don't look at me like that Simon. I can't stand it. I can do nothing whilst you look at me like that!"

"Pooh. Drink it," he said in his gentlest voice.

"I—I can't. I can't indeed," she answered faintly, "so long as you glare—"

"My good soul, you shall."

And when my uncle moved away from her, I saw that aunt Hannah was obediently sipping the hot whiskey and water; and it appeared to be giving her comfort, I was also glad to see.

My uncle kissed me with his customary affection, and said—

"We had tea so late to-night, we shall not, I fancy, require any supper. So you had better be off to bed, Flower. I have a letter or two to write, my child, and I want to talk to your aunt Hannah."

At this my aunt glanced up half fearfully from her tumbler, and dropped the wet spoon into her lap. She looked indeed as if she had but little desire for any further conversation with her brother.

Not sorry to leave the kitchen for my own neat chamber, with its small old chintz-covered couch, its little round table by the window, and the silent but best of all companions in the book-case, I took up my new Macaulay, who was now to be added to that dear silent company, lit my lamp and went to bed—having first, however, dutifully put my lips to aunt Hannah's dingy cap, by way of a good-night caress. I had always considered her an unpleasant person to live with, and this evening she had shown herself more unpleasant than ever.

My room, with its sweet wide view of wild and breezy moorland, was at the end of a narrow passage, and in order to reach it I must pass the bare stair-ladder which led up to the attic in the roof.

I was humming softly to myself, and thinking of the stranger whom I had that day met in the quarry, when the rattling of the attic door, jarring and fretting in the night wind put him and our meeting out of my mind.

I believe that scarcely a night at Moor Edge had ever gone by without my wondering, sometimes sleepily and sometimes perhaps with an almost acutely nervous curiosity what, strange secret lurked and was hidden from me behind that garret door.

What was it? What could it be? But, as I have already said, the veil was not lifted in those days; and so I knew no actual fear.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning dawned hopelessly wet; the wild west wind had gone down, and the rain could fall in comfort, as it were.

And it did fall now—straight, steadily, in a quiet and determined manner, as if, having at last got its chance, it meant to keep on forever.

I saw in a moment, when we met at breakfast, that aunt Hannah was once more herself—her peevish, low-spirited, but ever industrious self—with of course her dingy pink wrapper clinging limply to her pointed shoulders. Her nervous attack of the past night seemed fortunately entirely gone.

Somehow all the morning I could not "settle to anything," as my aunt Hannah querulously expressed it; and I chafed for a brisk long moorland walk, with the free wide sky and the fresh wild healthful air all around me, and faithful Jack Sprat for my companion.

Jack Sprat was only a mongrel of the fox-terrier kind, but the right loyal heart within his small coarse body made up for his sad lack of beauty.

A pedlar called Wyse the Wanderer, well-known in those northern parts, had given the dog to me in his puppyhood. But a walk in the present state of the weather was out of the question.

My uncle Simon, as was usual with him when at home at Moor Edge, was busy to-day out of doors; but, owing to the rain, he could not work in the garden, and his exertions were perforce confined to the yard and the out-buildings.

And indeed there was always something or other—with no servant or helper, either male or female upon the place—to be done amongst the pigs and poultry.

Uncle Simon was exceedingly proud of his two Alderneys, Daffodil and Daisy, who, if they were a trifle angular and poor looking, were certainly not lean upon the score of stinted fodder.

As often as not, too, they were roaming at large over the rich moor, never, though, straying out of sight of the squat gray-stone house, the humble cowshed adjoining which had been their home for a good many years.

To-day their master, blithely whistling as he worked, was cleansing their stalls and heaping in fresh straw, now and then patting their lean backs and calling them his "pair of beauties."

Not until the twilight fell did the weather begin to mend. Then with a little warm evening wind the clouds parted and rolled away.

The stars shone out silver-clear; the drenched earth sent up a refreshing fragrance; and a slim new moon, sailing face downward in the heavens, made one hopeful of a bright to-morrow.

Much wearied with a long, and I fear, an idle day, I went up to my room, but not to bed. I wanted to be alone, to think, to dream, anything, in fact, so long as I was away from aunt Hannah, and her depressing prognostications about a wet and dreary summer. She was sure of it, she said; we were "in for" a bad summer.

"No, no; let us hope not," said I as cheerily as I could, though it was by no means an easy matter to take a blithe view of things, with aunt Hannah sniffing and prophesying on one side, and the rain coming down on the other. "It has been lovely up till now."

"Ah, well," said she, in her thin dissatisfied voice, "this is the beginning of it—you will see if it isn't! Mark my words!"

No wonder my heart sank and life took a melancholy hue; for a wet summer at Moor Edge meant days of endless monotony and isolation unspeakable. But for uncle Simon it made no difference. Dry or damp, sun or gloom, storm or calm—it was all the same to him. If he had to go on a journey, forth he went, uttering no word of complaint or of distaste, but trudging patiently away, black bag in hand, over the dim gray moor to meet Lang the carrier at the cross-roads, and then on in the carrier's cart to the station at Stonyhampton.

Having opened the window wide, now that the night had become so fine and warm, I sat down at the little table in my bed-room, turned up my lamp, and tried to read an essay in my new Macaulay.

I dipped into the one on Madame d'Arblay; it looked promising, most interesting—Evelina and Cecilia were old friends of mine. But, having read a few lines, and read them again, I somehow discovered that I might just as well have been spelling over Greek for all the sense I could make of the printed words under my eyes.

Clearly that night, then, I was in no mood for self-improvement; the long rainy day had thoroughly unsettled me. So, closing the book with a sigh, I rested my head upon my hand and prepared to give myself up to the luxury of undisturbed reverie—the luxury, as some one has called it, "of thinking of nothing in particular." I heard my uncle ascend the first staircase, and then go up higher to the garret under the tiles. But that was nothing unusual. Meanwhile aunt Hannah down-stairs was turning keys and drawing bolts, and in her own fidgety fashion was making everything safe for the night.

It may have been some twenty minutes later—I believe it was ten o'clock—when, as on the previous night, I heard Jack Sprat growling in the yard—a low, snarling, menacing growl, which at any second might break into a swift angry bark. However, before this could happen, something flew whizzing through the air beneath my window, and a piteous shriek followed. Then Jack was still.

Full of wonderment at the circumstance, and not without a suspicion of treachery, I leaned out over the window-ledge—the casement was deep-set in the dull gray-stone walls, as were all the windows at Moor Edge—and peered cautiously to the right and to the left.

My room, a corner one, was on the south side of the house, and looked sheer down on to the moor. As the house itself was squat in shape, and as the passage leading to my bed-room was distinctly on the slant, ending in two downward steps into the room, the floor of it in reality was but an inconsiderable distance from the green short turf outside.

So, leaning out stealthily, and forgetting for the moment that the burning lamp was upon the table behind me, I very nearly screamed aloud in my fright on meeting in the starlit gloom a face upturned to mine.

"Hush! It is only I."

Immediately afterwards, the lamp-light from within falling upon them, I recognized the pale handsome features and brilliant dark eyes—eyes they were that had in them a singular red-brown gleam—of

the stranger whom I had met on the previous day in the quarry.

He was smiling in some amusement at my confusion and consternation, but his mouth was entirely hidden by his heavy dark-brown moustache—the one hirsute adornment he cultivated.

He was very tall and square-shouldered, yet slimly built withal. As he stood there upon the moor in the summer darkness, we could with ease have shaken hands with each other.

"You must forgive my scaring you, as I fear I have done," said he, speaking in a distinct undertone; "but I quite thought the house was on fire——"

"The house on fire!"

"Do not, however, be alarmed," he hastened to continue. "It is all right; I was mistaken. I came out for a stroll and a cigar after the miserable day we have had, and from where I was, upon the rising ground yonder, I saw what I took to be a light—a growing fire—in the roof of your house here. Of course I ran hither with all possible speed. But I soon discovered my error. It appears that you have a skylight or something of that kind in the tiles."

"Oh, yes," I told him in accents of relief; "that is my uncle Simon's garret—his own private room. You may often see a light there when he is working at night."

"Working at night! Then what does he do up there all alone?"

"I cannot tell you," I added simply, adding, as I prepared to withdraw from the window and to wish Mr. Darkwood good-night—feeling that it was far from proper and maidenly to be thus secretly conversing with him at such an hour—"it was thoughtful and kind of you to come; and—and thank you very much."

"Pray don't go yet," he whispered hurriedly. "I am sure you would not have shut the window if I had not disturbed you with my stupid false alarm. I saw your lamp, like Portia's 'little candle,' shining out from afar; and then—and then I saw you sitting at the window, and—and I couldn't withstand the temptation to come and speak to you—perhaps only to look at you. Shall I see you on the moor to-morrow?"

I evaded this direct inquiry, still hesitating with my hand upon the casement bolt.

"You ought not to be here, I think. My uncle would not like it if he knew about it."

"Why should he know?"

"Because he ought to know, and he will," I answered him gravely. "I keep nothing from my uncle."

"You good little soul," said he, not without a suspicion of mockery in his voice. "Naturally you told him that you had met me in the quarry?"

"Of course." Then a sudden conviction flashed across my brain, and in momentary excitement I leaned farther out. "Mr. Darkwood," I said, "I do believe now that it was you who came here last night!"

"It was," he replied boldly; "I came to see where you really lived. I wanted to know. By the way," he inquired coolly, "don't you find it fearful lonely here? In the depth of winter it must be appalling."

"Sometimes—if we are snowed in," I confessed. "But—but, Mr. Darkwood, I must ask you not to do it again—I—I mean not to come here at night like this. Do you know, last evening you frightened my aunt dreadfully. Don't laugh; I mean it, I do indeed. She is a very nervous person, and a little upsets her."

"I heard a women scream," said he; "but I knew it wasn't you."

"Well, let me beg you to be careful, for Jack Sprat, my dog, is uncertain in his temper if he fancies there are tramps and thieves about," I said earnestly.

Mr. Darkwood laughed again, softly and carefully, lest he should be overheard.

"Thank you," said he, with an amused nod. "Jack Spratt, I am inclined to believe, is an ill-conditioned little brute," he added.

"Indeed he is nothing of the kind!" I denied rather hotly. "He is a faithful friend, though not a very pretty one. He would bark at you now, only he knows my voice; low as I am talking, he can hear it. I hope you did not hurt him just now; if you did, I cannot forgive you."

"Hurt him? Not for the world, if he is your dog."

"But I heard him cry out as though he were hurt. What was it you threw at him? Not a flint, I hope."

"Oh, no—merely a handful of gravel. Believe me, he wasn't in the least hurt. You wouldn't have the whole neighborhood aroused by his noise, would you?"

"The whole neighborhood? Why, Mr. Darkwood, we have no living neighbors nearer to us than the people at Garlands-on-the-Moor, where you lodge, you know. Poor Jack would have to bark loud enough," I said, a little sarcastically perhaps, "before he awoke the Acre folk."

"I think you told me that you did not know the people at Garlands—the Acres?" he said eagerly. "It is a pity—a great pity; for we might——"

"In the whole world I know no one except my aunt Hannah and uncle Simon."

"And me," said my new acquaintance reproachfully—"do not forget me. You know me now, Miss Creedy."

"Hardly. Until yesterday we never saw each other."

"Oh, but surely our long talk together in the quarry made us friends—the best of friends? For me, at any rate, it was very pleasant."

My back being towards the lamp, he fortunately could not see the bright color which had risen and was spreading in my cheeks.

"Was it?"

It was, I have no doubt, a foolish answer to make, but I could hit on no other just then.

"Remarkably pleasant—in fact, as pleasant as it was unexpected," replied Mr. Darkwood emphatically. "And let me now tell you that, if you do not permit me to see you again—and I have explained to you that I shall, I hope, be constantly painting out of doors, that I have come here expressly in order to paint out of doors—I shall take it on your part, Miss Creedy, as a great unkindness. What is that noise?" he broke off, stepping backward quickly and looking up to the eaves of Moor Edge.

A muffled "tap, tap, tap—tap, tap, tap," like the measured smiting together of hammer and nail—a tapping notwithstanding that was a familiar enough noise in my ears, even at the dead of night—had within the last minute or so become audible from the region of the roof, though I myself was able to give but a vague explanation of the sound.

"Why, you look almost frightened, I declare!" I could not help saying, with a smile. "It is only my uncle Simon at work, sawing and tapping—sawing and tapping. We often at night hear that noise in the attic. We are used to it, you see, and take no notice of it. At least, I do not."

Mr. Darkwood's eyes met mine once more.

"Does he make coffins up there?" he asked grimly.

The startling and unlikely question somehow made me shiver.

"Coffins! Do not imagine anything so horrible. I—I should think not. And now"—the impropriety of his being there beneath my window, and the laxity of my own conduct in perhaps encouraging him to linger where he had no business to be, again troubling my conscience—"good-night in earnest and for the last time. I am sleepy. Thank you once more—for indeed it was very kind of you—for coming to our aid when you believed that we were in danger."

"I came because I believed that you"—with emphasis—"were in danger."

I nodded a quick farewell to him, shut the window and drew down the blind. The tapping in the attic had ceased for awhile; the night was very still.

A voice outside in the summer darkness was saying, or rather softly singing—

"Good night, good night, my lonely, lovely moorland flower!"

I trembled with a nameless strange exultation, and, I know not why, buried my hot head in my hands. I waited—waited I think, minutes before venturing to stir or move.

Was he gone?"

Scarcely daring to breathe, with slow and cautious touch, I drew the blind an inch or two aside.

I peeped out upon the quiet purple night. I let the blind go back with a jerk. The pale handsome face, with its eloquent smiling eyes, was still there, and Daryl Darkwood was kissing his hand to me.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK had gone by since the fateful day on which I had first seen Daryl Darkwood; or rather, to be accurate, just a whole week had now elapsed since the date of our second meeting—the night when he came to my open window to tell me that he had fancied the house was on fire.

When I, rather awkwardly, related to my uncle this instance of Mr. Darkwood's good nature, he shook his head slowly and smiled straight into my eyes.

"No, no, Flower—it won't do!" he said sadly.

"What won't do, uncle?" said I.

"That young man no more believed the house was on fire than he believed that it was your aunt Hannah whom he saw at the lighted window. Would he have come running over the moor, think you, child, to tell poor Hannah that the house was on fire, when he knew all the time that it wasn't? No, no. Young men will be young men, I suppose; and—and—well, it will surely come to pass by-and-by—in some way or other it must come to pass! And I wonder how I shall bear it—eh, Flower?"

"Bear what?" I asked, rendered vaguely uncomfortable by his sorrowful look and tone. "I do not understand you, uncle Simon."

But he answered me evasively, capping my question with another.

"You would not care, would you, my dear little girl, to spend the whole of your life at Moor Edge?" he said wistfully. "And yet—and yet it might be best for you, dear; who knows?"

"I should never care to go away from you, uncle Simon," I replied; and at the time I meant it from my heart.

"Young men!" here put in aunt Hannah, in her sniffing, grumbling way. "I never heard any good of young men yet; and, if you take my advice, Flower, you'll have nothing to say to 'em when you do get the chance. Young men—ugh! They are all alike at bottom—all vicious, all selfish, all naturally bad-inclined; only some are middling off—that's the only difference! But they are all alike inside. I know 'em."

Which was neither fair nor just of aunt Hannah, sour and discontented as she might be feeling. For, considering that she herself was an old maid, and that, with the exception of my uncle Simon, no man, either young or old, was ever known to plant foot across the doorsteps of Moor Edge, I did not think that she should be accepted as a genuine authority upon the matter.

And, oh, what an interminable week it had seemed; though it was possible to be out and about all day long, and to roam beneath the summer sky as far as one pleased! July was close at hand, and the weather was simply glorious; aunt Hannah's doleful predictions would assuredly not be verified.

The high arch above my head was of heaven's own blue, with sometimes dim white clouds in fragments sailing languidly with the delicious breeze which tempered the warmth of the sun.

The wide free moorland beneath my feet was sweet with thyme and the clustering gorse, over the saffron bloom of which the wild bees swarmed and filled the lazy air with their buzy hum.

Far, far away in the blue distance, and seemingly lying low when viewed from our own high moor, were the—to me—quite unknown woods of Stonyhampton.

Sometimes, when the wind was in the right quarter, especially of a night, faintly would come to us the sound of bells, chiming mournfully or ringing joyously, with other sounds common enough to the dwellers in towns. But I knew nothing of life in a town.

Ah, how the larks soared and trilled and "ran" in the sky, as Shelley says! How the old rabbits skipped and played with the frisky little ones! How the tall grass and sturdy docks nodded together in the lightsome breeze! Wild strawberries this year were as plentiful as blackberries in autumn; and the moss in the moister hollows of the moor, where noisily bubbled up and flowed the clear cold stream which supplied us with water, was richer and softer than any costly velvet, spreading and luxuriating there in every shade of lovely gray and green.

At any other time this glorious weather would have filled my heart with unspeakable joy, and I should have been singing from morning until night. To feel the simple unquestioning gladness of thoroughly healthful youth is, I have learnt to comprehend, a blessing direct from Heaven that is indeed beyond all price!

I was angry with myself for not feeling more glad—it seemed to me wicked; angry for being conscious of the vague discontent and disappointment which of late had crept into my heart.

During the whole of that interminable week I had neither met nor even seen Daryl Darkwood. Whither had he gone? Had he for some reason left Garlands quite suddenly, and was he never coming back there any more?

Could—could it then be that I should never see him again? True, the propriety, first suggested to me by my uncle Simon, of keeping away from the neighborhood of the quarry had prompted me to ramble in an opposite direction; nor had I during the past week once ventured within a mile of Garlands-on-the-Moor. Hitherto, in the days before Mr. Darkwood had gone to lodge with the Acres, I had not cared how often Jack Sprat and I might wander past the old farm-house; although the booby boorish sons would come and lean over the yard gate to stare at me, and the strapping loud-voiced daughters of the family, with sleeves rolled high above their red elbows, would look askance at me from the windows after the manner of the folk at Stonyhampton.

"I want to see him—I do want to see him!" I said aloud to myself, with a petulant stamp upon the turf. "For I want particularly to give him a piece of my mind—don't I, Jack?—because he did hurt you on that night—did't he, my dear? I know he did; though of course he didn't mean to, and couldn't help it, Jacky, in the dark."

Jack Sprat danced about on three legs, working his poor coarse stump of a tail frantically all the time, and repeatedly jumped on my gown as well, leaving dirty paw-marks behind him.

In the morning after the night when I had last seen Mr. Darkwood Jack had come limping indoors from his barrel—to which, by-the-way, he was never chained or tied—with a nasty cut upon his left fore-paw, which he held up pathetically to us all it turn with dumb pleading in his faithful bright eyes.

As well as I could I had washed the clotted blood from the gash, and had very tenderly dressed the wound; and, although the paw was now considerably healed, poor Jack had gone lame ever since.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTING A HORSE.—Never select a horse having long ears lined inside with long straight hair. Do not buy one that is narrow between the ears and between the eyes, or that has flat round eyes in sunken orbits, and whose nostrils are short and thick, for he will certainly prove a beast of small intelligence, hard to teach, incapable of remembering, and liable to be obstinate, just as stupid persons are. And do not buy the horse that is narrow at the top of the head, with a bulging between the eyes, and a sunken, dishlike face between them, for he is sure to be vicious and treacherous. But take the horse that has short ears with short curly hair inside them, that is broad between the ears and eyes, with a regular straight face and large thin nostrils, for in him you will find an intelligent, spirited, and willing servant and faithful friend, if treated rightly.

POOR RELATION: "I didn't know but, as you were refurnishing the house, some of the discarded articles might be of use to me, if only you were a mind to——" Rich relation: "Why; certainly; I am glad you spoke of it. We are going to repaper the dining-room. I'll send you down the old paper when it is torn off. It isn't badly soiled."

Bric-a-Brac.

ON THE STAGE.—The sound of a galloping horse in a popular drama is produced in this way: At the wing stood the property man, and attached to his hands by straps, like shampoo brushes, were two blocks of wood shaped like horses' hoofs and hollowed out, with horseshoes loosely tacked on. With these appliances the property man made all the noise. The rocky road was simply a thin slab of sandstone covered with rubber cloth and resting on wooden uprights.

WHOLESALE EXECUTIONS.—About a hundred years ago a remarkable execution happened at Kingston-on-Thames, in England. One Gregory was hanged for horse-stealing, and, at the same time, no less than eleven of his sons were hanged by his side on the same gallows for repeated crimes of that nature; and, what is yet more singular, one Coleman, with his five sons, was hanged on the same gallows, at the same moment; in all, there were eighteen in number.

TORTOISE-SHELLS.—The tortoise-shell of commerce is derived from the beautiful horny plates of the hawk's bill or imbricated turtle, though from those animals only that weigh at least one hundred and sixty pounds, as the plates are otherwise too thin. The great tortoise-shell marts are now Singapore and Canton; but it was consumed in ancient Rome in considerable quantities—even door-posts of the rich being inlaid with it, and the carapace used as a cradle and a bath-tub for children, and as a shield for warriors.

SALUTATIONS.—The inhabitants of the Philippines used a most complex attitude in saluting. They bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air with their knee bent. An Ethiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, so that he leaves his friend half naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms; sometimes men place themselves naked before the person whom they salute; it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in his presence.

SPANISH NOBILITY.—It is recorded of Philip the Third of Spain, that while he exacted the most punctilious respect from grandees, he saluted the peasants. He would never be addressed but on the knees, for which he gave this artful excuse, that as he was of low stature, every one would have appeared too high for him. He showed himself rarely, even to his grandees, that he might the better support his haughtiness and repress their pride. He also affected to speak to them by half words, and reprimand them if they did not guess at the rest. In a word, he omitted nothing that could mortify his nobility.

TOBACCO GROWING IN FRANCE.—France derives by far the largest portion of the tobacco consumed by its citizens from native cultivation. The state is the sole manufacturer of the cultivated article, and the excise difficulty is met in the following manner: Every farmer in France who wishes to cultivate tobacco has, in the first place, to obtain a license from the government. Having procured this, he has to follow the most stringent rules laid down for the purpose. The ground is carefully measured out, the amount to be cultivated is registered in the department where he resides, periodical visits are paid by the inspectors, and the tobacco is paid for at a fixed rate according to quality.

IN BATTLE.—They frequently condemned at Carthage their generals to die after an unfortunate campaign, although they were accused of no other fault. We read in Du Halde that Captain Mancheou, a Chinese, was convicted of giving battle without obtaining a complete victory, and he was punished. With such a perspective at the conclusion of a battle, generals will become intrepid, and exert themselves as much as possible, and this is all that is wanted. When the savages of New France take flight, they pile the wounded in baskets, where they are bound and corded down as we do children in swaddling clothes. If they should happen to fall into the hands of the conquerors, they would expire in the midst of torments. It is better, therefore, that the vanquished should carry them away in any manner, though frequently at the risk of their lives.

WOMEN OF THE DESERT.—From the earliest period of their history, the women of the Arabic and African desert tribes were as celebrated for their skill with lance or bow, as for that bronze beauty which the composers of the quasidah or the moallakat were never weary of describing. Before Islam it was the boast of many Arabian tribes, as it was afterwards of certain Tartar hordes, that their women could fight as well as the men; the Himaryites were among the most famous of these. All through those ancient Arabian poems, to which Mahomet is said to have referred as final authority for the meaning of certain words or phrases in the Koran, one finds many legends of Arab girls celebrated for their equestrianism, their dexterity with the scimitar, and even for the number of men they have overcome in single combat. Islam, by subordinating the woman to the man, and destroying the idea of male and female equality, did much to extinguish the warrior spirit of the fair sex throughout the greater part of the Orient; but in the deserts of Arabia and Northern Africa something of those ancient ideas prevail to the present day.

IMAGINATION rules the world.

A MEMORY OF HOME.

BY S. J.

In the fragrant warmth of the clear Spring day
A memory wakes to life
Of a beechen glade that is far away,
Beyond the moors and the mountains gray,
Afar from the city strife.

What shall I say of this beautiful glade
That has never been said or sung?
How can I tell of the quivering shade
Where the shining leaves in the sunlight played
As the great boughs waved and swung?

And what would it be, if I told it all,
But a simple woodland scene—
A quiet spot, where the wild bird's call
Is the only sound, and the beeches tall
Have woven a roof of green?

The violet-blossoms and the primrose there
Have scented the roving wind;
The hyacinth spreads her purple rare
'Neath woodbine clumps with the wild-rose fair
In flowering arches twined.

Yet I know there are hearts that dream with me
Of the light in the woods to-day.
They think, as they wander by land or sea,
"How lovely the beeches at home must be
In the new-born green of May!"

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A QUARTER of an hour after Lord Wynmore's departure Mabel, considerably sobered, though her dream of bliss still lingered, stood anxiously watching the approach of her uncle's carriage—the carriage which was bringing home Dick and Caroline.

It was coming along at an easy pace; and Mabel rushed off to meet it as soon as it entered the avenue leading to the house.

"There is not the slightest reason for this excitement—your sister is pretty nearly recovered. Pray go indoors, and do not make a scene!" said uncle John, in his harshest tone.

Caroline, who was leaning back in the carriage, and who was somewhat pale, said coldly—

"How do you do, Mabel?" as if nothing of consequence had occurred since they had parted.

Thus rebuffed, Mabel retreated hastily, but followed her sister eagerly upstairs as soon as Caroline had alighted.

"Do leave me in peace to-night, Mab; I am tired with my journey, and have told uncle I would rather go to bed," she said, speaking almost in her usual tone.

"Mayn't I come to you for a moment?" entreated Mab.

But Caroline replied, "Not to-night;" and the disappointed girl retired.

She met Dick on the stairs.

"Make haste, Mab!" he whispered. "Uncle John is raging for his dinner—he had nothing in town. There's the first bell!"

"I—I have dined," she returned very hastily.

"Never mind," said Dick. "For goodness' sake come in and talk—uncle John will be furious if you do not."

What a different atmosphere pervaded uncle John's house from that of the Manor!

"Come here, Mabel, and tell me what you have been doing to-day; and take care not to deceive me," was the greeting she received from her uncle.

"I—I have spent to-day at Wynmore Manor, uncle. Lady Effington drove over to fetch me. She had heard of Caroline's accident, and thought I should be dull all alone. I ventured to go, as I had received Dick's telegram."

"Do you mean to say that Lady Effington was so kind as to come over on purpose?" asked Mr. Charlford, his tone softening.

"Yes, indeed, uncle: I thought you would—would hardly wish me to refuse."

"Certainly not! For once you were in the right. But I presume Lord Wynmore was from home, and his sister alone, or she would not have wished for your company."

"Lord Wynmore came too, uncle," said Mab, with a blush which she could not check.

Uncle John's face betrayed satisfaction at hearing this, and he went on to ask what she had done all day at the Manor.

"We did not do anything very particular, uncle. We went into the picture-gallery after luncheon, and to the stables, and the fruit-garden. Visitors came to tea—a party from the Towers; and after tea we went on the lake; then immediately after dinner Lord Wynmore drove me back. He left a message for Dick, hoping he would go over for some fishing to-morrow: and I think Lady Effington would like me to spend Sunday with her. She said she was going away soon."

"Really! I confess to being a little surprised. You seem to have put on your best manners. Well, Dick may go to-morrow; and, if Lady Effington really wishes to see you on Sunday, she will send a more formal invitation. I must say I am relieved to find you have done nothing to disgrace me."

Throughout the meal which followed Mr. Charlford was more gracious to his niece than usual.

No allusion was made to what had passed before he went to London, and even Dick came in for his share of approval.

But all this time Mab was longing to hear about Caroline—how the accident had happened, where she was picked up, and what she had been doing just before.

But her uncle talked on about trivialities, and Mab knew him too well to venture to break in with inquiries about a circumstance which had annoyed him and caused him a good deal of trouble, added to expense.

The instant dinner was over she motioned to Dick to come and sit by her, but her uncle interposed.

"Mabel," he said, in his clear cold tones, "I see you are preparing to question your brother about Caroline, so I will inform you myself in plain words of what actually occurred, for it will spare me the infliction of hearing something very prosaic and annoying, and it will save him the trouble of replying to your needlessly anxious inquiries. Your sister—most improperly—chose to go to town alone. After she had left the dressmaker's, she took some insane notion into her head of driving in a hansom to Westminster Abbey in her spare hour. Just as she got out of the cab a brewer's dray came dashing along; a sudden panic seized her—she swerved and fell. She thinks that some one as terrified as herself ran against her, knocking her down, but she remembers nothing clearly till she found herself in the hospital. The medical men think that there is no cause for anxiety, but they advise me not to agitate her by dwelling upon the occurrence. Indeed they impressed me with the idea that nothing must be said to throw her into any disturbance of mind till the shock caused by the accident has worn off. Very unwillingly therefore I have abstained from expressing what I think of her conduct; and you will also be particular not to say anything to her at present on the subject. At a future time both her father and I will represent to her what we think of her folly. Be careful to see that you obey my instructions. And now you had better say good night, as it will be necessary for you to go to London to-morrow—it seems that Madame Henriette wishes to fit on your dress—and you will go by the ten-o'clock train, under Gordon's escort. Good night."

Thus dismissed, Mab dared not talk to Caroline that night.

She had only a moment to exchange a hurried sentence with Dick on the staircase.

"Do you think it is true that that was the real cause of Caroline's accident?" she whispered.

"Who can tell?" Dick whispered back. "We'll talk of that to-morrow. I am so glad you had a happy day at the Manor! I say, Mab, have you made a conquest?"

"A conquest! Oh, Dick, how can you be so foolish?" she rejoined with warmth, while again a rosy flush dyed her white brow. "Surely you know that we are not likely to come to uncle John's again for an age, and I am not likely to see anything more of — of the people at the Manor!"

"'People'?" said Dick, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I alluded to one person, Mab; and he certainly seems to like your society."

"You know why he is kind to me," she returned, speaking aloud in her eagerness to repudiate the idea which Dick had suggested—and indeed she thought it the most unlikely thing in the world to be true. "You know that because of our first strange meeting, and my fright, and all that, Lord Wynmore is more friendly than he would otherwise be. Why, Dick, I am ashamed of you! I am not yet introduced."

"Good night, Queen Mab," was Dick's answer—"a fair good night!"—and off he went to his room, where, immediately on his closing the door, a cloud of care settled on his brow.

And, while Mab was still in a flutter at his last words, Dick bolted his door, threw himself back in a chair, and drew from a drawer the small box which Mab had brought in by mistake on the eventful night when she became so painfully impressed with the idea that her father had a dark secret to conceal.

Since that night one event had followed another so quickly that Dick had not had an opportunity to examine carefully the contents of the box, which consisted of letters dated long previously.

The allusions made in them to certain unexplained events and circumstances filled the young fellow's mind with the gravest surmises.

"'Filton'—did my father ever go by the name of 'Filton'?" he muttered, passing his hand over his knitted brow. "But, if so, why? And what is the meaning of this?"

And, with a hot flush on his face, Dick read—

"I have a thing to tell you which will make your hair stand on end! By heavens, the man is recovering! Who could have imagined such an unlooked-for contingency even in one's wildest dreams? He is recovering, I tell you—not slowly, not seeming to revive one day, and slipping back the next, but he is making a certain, easy, rapid convalescence! And of course you know what will happen. Come back then instantly; for the moment I am paralyzed. We must make terms—but what terms?

"Yours, "A. FILTON."

"Good heavens, this handwriting is very like what my father's is now!" gasped Dick, fixing his gaze upon the faded lines.

"It must have been written years ago if it is his—when he was in the West Indies. Who could that man be who caused him such fear? Ought a Charlford to shrink from any man? What was the thing he feared from the man who was recovering, and to whom was this letter written?"

A number of letters had been put into one envelope, as if thrust together so as to occupy as small a space as possible, and the envelope bore this superscription—"R. F. Johns, Esq."

By dint of careful scrutiny Dick made out that this thin worn envelope had once been posted in America to some place in London.

"It must have been my father who wrote these!" muttered Dick, starting from his seat in violent agitation. "Did he write them to my uncle, sending them to him under an assumed name to an address agreed on between them? They were once both in the West Indies. Then uncle John came back alone, and remained some months in England, after my mother's death, before my father returned. Oh, what does it all mean?"

With difficulty Dick forced himself to peruse the other letters.

They all related to the one subject, which had evidently created the wildest consternation in the mind of the writer.

The man referred to was fast recovering; there was not an instant to be lost in arranging with him something not specified in the letter.

Frantic appeals to return at once filled half the pages. And the name signed at the bottom of the letters was always the same—"A. Filton."

"I think I will show them to my father," said Dick, speaking aloud mechanically, "and see what he says of them. But Mab had better not look at them—at least not yet. She will imagine all sorts of things—she will fancy what I do."

And the tortured young fellow paced the room in deep reflection.

He had been pleased enough at Lord Wynmore's invitation to go and fish at the Manor; but now, with this dark unexplained trouble hanging over his head, he wished he had not been asked to go.

For, if his father had once done a dreadful deed, how should his son consort with those to whom such concealed wrong-doing would be abhorrent?

"Poor Mab—poor Mab!" he said to himself, as he buried his face in his hands, pondering many things.

Many minutes slipped by before he summoned courage to peruse the other letters in the small box.

All were signed "A. Filton," and all bore marks of being foreign letters sent to some one across the sea. One passage particularly struck Dick—

"I enclose the draft of agreement proposed. There is no time to lose; you know how reckless he is. But there is one comfort—we are all in the same boat."

"Is this the agreement spoken of?" thought Dick, unfolding a thicker sheet of paper on which several items were lotted down.

"Consents to settle in Oregon. Would like the climate. Would accept four thousand pounds more. Has evidently no idea of the real value of the property, or would demand forty thousand. Is intent on amassing capital, and means to do so by exporting horses. Is impatient to start, and wants the money by the 25th of March. Demands a good gold English-made chronometer, and a case of brandy in addition. We are to be unmolested if we comply with the above, which I have roughly thrown into an agreement. On his part he declares that he shall consider he has received full payment for all services on pocketing this additional sum. For Heaven's sake come, and get it over!"

Startled as Dick was on scanning those lines, he was yet more so on unfolding a page which contained the names of himself and of his sisters, with the dates of their birth and of his own.

His mother's Christian name, "Theodora Ulvina Caroline," was added, followed by the date of her wedding with his father, "Richard James Charlford."

Underneath was traced, in strangely familiar characters—

"There must be no mistake about these."

But who would make a mistake concerning such well-known facts? Not his father certainly — not his uncle, who had lived, in close intimacy with his brother all his life.

Rising at length in a sort of desperation from his task, Dick replaced the papers, more bewildered than ever, and with an added sense of the certainty that there was something disgraceful concealed—something which could not be shown to the world—connected with his family.

Putting together the vague evidence hidden in these papers, Dick could not but feel that his father had either once been known by the name of "Filton" or had assumed the name for purposes of concealment, and that he had been in mortal dread of some man who had been bribed to hold his peace; but as to who he was, or what was the dreadful hidden matter, Dick was as much in the dark as ever.

For another couple of hours the young fellow sat musing over the mystery which was so veiled and dim and shadowy that neither he nor Mab could grasp it or throw any light upon it.

"It is an ugly affair, look at it which way I will!" said Dick to himself as he glanced up at the stars, hardly conscious of their beauty. "There has always seemed a division between my father and us," he went on. "Is this the explanation of it? Good heavens, has he ever done anything which would separate him from the rest of mankind? I cannot understand it!"

And then, with a thrill of terror, the young man recalled what he had heard friends of his family say pityingly about his father's sad change after that attack of yellow-fever in the West Indies and the death of Mrs. Charlford in his absence. Was it this thing which had changed him—this hidden thing?

"I must discover what it is, or life will be a burden to me'" groaned Dick. "I will go to the West Indies, and make inquiries there; but Mab shall not know. And, as if all this misery was not enough, there is something that Caroline is hiding from us. Fellows like me—fellows with a mystery hanging over them—ought not to go visiting men like Lord Wynmore. I wish now that I had never had the invitation or chaffed dear Mab about him. She must not learn to think of him—and I was a fool!"

Then Dick, depressed and sore at heart, got into bed as dawn flushed the sky.

CHAPTER XIII.

I REALLY think Lord Wynmore must be what is called a 'lucky man,'" remarked Mr. John Charlford a few days afterwards, as he and his nieces and nephew rose from the luncheon-table. "Look at the sky—a deep Italian blue—not the least sign of rain, and the moon at the full too!"

Yes, the day of the fete had dawned, and, though nothing outwardly occurred of a particular nature to mark the flight of the intervening time except Dick's visit to the Manor and the happy Sunday spent there by Mabel, yet a very great deal had passed in those inner regions of the soul which form in truth the real life.

Dick had become more and more convinced that a dark mystery would some day or other disclose itself; and it was the same with Mab, though she struggled against the conviction, though Dick had avoided going into details concerning the contents of the box, and though her youthful heart was thrilling with that radiant dream of joy which comes with a first and a pure affection.

She did not realise that she had learned in a few short days to love Neville Wynmore; but that Sunday at the Manor, their stroll together through the grounds, a few more smiles and hand-clasps, had decided Mabel's happiness or misery.

As for Caroline, she had remained impenetrable. In vain had Mabel put tender questions to her sister—the latter would or could explain nothing as to the cause of her accident.

"I was knocked down. What more can I say? You are very unkind to revert to what his caused me such a shock. Is there anything mysterious in being knocked down? Really Mab, I don't know what has come to you lately!" she answered.

"Dear Carry, I only wished to understand how it was you were hurt. And, oh, why did you go alone to London!" murmured Mabel.

"I think that you have already asked me that question seven times," rejoined the elder girl, with a languid smile. "However, though talking still fatigues me a little, I will reply for the eighth time. I had so nearly expended my allowance, and I was so thoroughly aware that you had spent yours, that, disliking to apply to uncle John for money in my father's absence, I wished to save the double expense. Of course I counted on taking a cab and on getting back early. Do you wish to convert this trivial circumstance also into a mystery? You seem to me to breakfast, dine, and sup on mysteries lately."

It was impossible to extract any more from her than this; and Mabel had turned away with silent anxiety.

Not a word had she whispered to Caroline about those other disquieting fears which assailed her, nor of that scene with her uncle in the library.

Mr. John Charlford had been anxious that Caroline should appear at the Manor, if only for an hour or two, on the occasion of the garden-party, but she declared herself unable to bear the long drive, and said quietly that she must suffer the disappointment.

Indeed her languid apathy about everything had been very noticeable since her accident.

She occupied herself, or seemed to do so, with her ordinary pursuits, but she was unnaturally silent—moving about, when she did move, like a person in a dream.

The medical man however declared that she only needed a little further time to recover from the effects of the shock; and perhaps it was only Mab who gave a serious thought to a matter supposed to be over and done with.

The girl could not forget that stolen interview, so strenuously denied, by the pool, nor lose remembrance of what Caroline had undertaken to do at her lover's bidding, and she thought her sister changed and unlike herself.

To Dick Mab told her fears hastily, but even he answered that there were graver matters than those connected with Caroline—that she, at any rate, was with them now, safe at present, as "that man" was abroad—that there would be a possibility of dealing with that in the future—that that was something which could be grasped, "not an intangible, hidden thing, such as that concerning my father," he added; and then hesitatingly, as if with reluctance, Dick continued—

"Mab dear, you will be vexed with me perhaps for mentioning another thing entirely different; but I think I ought to try to put you on your guard, for nobody else will. You see, Mab, you are so young, and you have not a creature to advise you."

"Except you, dear Dick," said the girl fondly.

"And I am not a very experienced monitor," he responded. "But, Mab, doesn't it strike you that—that Lord Wynmore has been singularly kind to us—that he has gone out of his way to pay us a good deal of attention? There must be a reason for it, you know."

"Perhaps," said Mabel, the tell-tale blushes mantling her lovely cheeks. "But don't attach a serious meaning to his kindness, Dick—at least, not if you mean what I am sure you do, because you were laughing about it the other day. Now be a sensible boy, and enjoy the fete, as I shall."

"Shall I ever enjoy anything again, I wonder," he thought—"ever have a quiet heart once more? Not till matters are clear about my father!"

But he said nothing of this aloud, and they separated in order to dress for the entertainment.

An hour later Mab came downstairs, radiant in her youth and beauty. She wore a dress of the palest blue, pearl ornaments, and a large bunch of gloire de Dijon roses.

Uncle John met her in the hall.

"I must say Madame Henriette has achieved a success with your toilette, Mabel," he said. "You are simply, yet exquisitely dressed. The carriage will be round immediately. You will be glad to hear that your father thinks he will be able to get back a week earlier than he supposed he would—the afternoon post brought me two letters from him. He sends his love to you and your brother and Caroline, and also hopes that you are not giving me any trouble. His friend Colonel Dayson is recovering, so that he counts on being here this day week. Is not that cheering news? With the delightful idea present with you that you will soon be at home again, I am sure you ought to be the happiest girl at the Manor to-day. Dick, are you not delighted at the news that you will so soon welcome your father?"

"I am glad that he can return earlier than he supposed, uncle," answered Dick coldly.

Mabel remained silent, and attempted to hide her agitation by pretending to readjust her flowers.

"I knew you would be glad," continued Mr. John Charlford. "Mabel is speechless from delight. But here is the carriage; it is time that we started."

And, so saying, he walked out towards the carriage.

"He has written to tell my father what he overheard—of that I am sure!" said Dick to himself, as he got into the barouche.

"Father will come back prepared to make Dick and me feel our iniquity," thought Mabel, as she seated herself. "But no matter. I shall see Neville Wynmore once again—I shall have sweet recollections of the Manor. There are some things which can never be taken away from us!"

A great many of the expected guests had already arrived when Mr. John Charlford, with his niece and nephew, drove up to the entrance of the Manor.

Over the wide expanse of lawn, which was dotted here and there with tents, gaily-dressed groups of ladies were strolling.

A temporary bridge had been constructed to lead from the grounds to the lake, in the middle of which the musicians, picturesquely habited, were moored in a flat-bottomed boat over which fluttered a crimson-striped awning.

Roses bloomed in profusion on every side; and large lamps peeped out here and there from amongst the trees, hung ready for the illumination of the grounds at dusk.

Piles of fruit interspersed with flowers were placed on tables spread in the shade, and footmen in the Wynmore livery were handing about ices and tea, for the grand banquet was not to be served till evening.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Charlford, as the carriage drew up. "Upon my word, it is a brilliant scene, and you two children"—spoken rather contemptuously—"are very lucky to be among the invited! See—there is the Duchess of Grassmere and her two fashionable daughters; they understand the art of dressing to perfection! To my certain knowledge they were presented ten years ago; and the elder one must be eight-and-twenty, yet she looks scarcely eighteen; nor should I be at all surprised to hear that she was the destined bride of our young host."

Mabel looked eagerly in the direction indicated by her uncle, and saw a tall lady-like-looking girl, dressed in cream-colored lace, smiling in a very bewitching manner at something Lord Wynmore was saying.

At the sight a sharp swift spasm of pain darted through her heart, and she had some difficulty in preserving an air of easy indifference as her uncle handed her out of the carriage and she turned to greet her host and hostess.

But, when before all the throng of people Lady Effington came forward and kissed her affectionately, and Lord Wynmore clasped her hand and, under pretence of showing her where was the shadiest nook in the flower-garden, whispered—

"I have been looking for you this hour past, and counting the moments till you appeared!" her heart thrilled with joy; and, when he fixed his dark eyes on her and said softly, "Remember your promise for to-night!" Mabel smiled at him, blushed bewitchingly, and forgot the very existence of the Duchess of Grassmere.

The Duchess had however by no means forgotten her.

It had been the supreme object of her life to see her lovely elder daughter wedded to Lord Wynmore; but the years had rolled on and the young man's heart remained untouched.

All of a sudden her Grace had to recognize the hard fact that her child had no chance of marrying Lord Wynmore, beautiful and high-born though she was—for the Duchess had watched the young nobleman's face as he greeted Mabel Charlford—and with a woman's keen perception she said to herself, "She will be his choice."

Indeed before long not a few of the guests at the Manor that day were saying the same thing, some wondering who was "that distinguished-looking girl," while others went further, and begged Lady Effington to introduce them to her.

Mr. John Charlford, watching his niece without appearing to do so, felt a secret exultation.

"He cannot conceal his admiration! If she has her wits about her, she may reign here, mistress of all this splendor," he thought.

And the thought put him in a very good humor.

Time flies fast in pleasant company, amid sunshine, balmy breezes, strains of spirited music, and gay conversation.

But to Mabel it was the presence of Lord Wynmore that threw a glamor over the scene; he was continually coming to her side despite the claims made upon his attention as host.

Slowly the shades of evening stole over the scene—the exquisite twilight which broods over a summer landscape after a glowing day in June—and then the banquet was served in the great dining-hall.

In a dream of delight Mabel sat in the oak-panelled room, the only one of all present impressed not with the splendor surrounding her, but with thoughts of the owner of it all.

Etiquette had compelled him to lead in the Duchess, who sat on his right hand; but Mabel was placed not far distant, and many a glance and smile and pleasant word from him thrilled the young girl's heart with joy.

She forgot the trouble brooding over her, and remembered only that she was in fairy-land, and that the prince who ruled over it uttered gracious things to her.

At length the banquet was over, and the guests filed out under the fair summer sky.

The glow still lingered in the west, and the moon, an orb of silver, was mounting slowly in the heavens.

All the doors of the mansion had been thrown open, the whole house was a blaze of light, and soft-shining lamps hung amid the greenery.

"What a lovely night!" exclaimed the Duchess, as she walked out on to the terrace.

At that moment Lord Wynmore detained Mabel as she paused to gaze at the lake glittering just below.

"Won't you come down and look at the water?" said he softly.

Would she not? Ah, she would go anywhere with him! She glanced up at him with charming timidity as she assented.

Then, rising from the lake, came a strain of sweet music.

"Come this way!" said Lord Wynmore, taking her hand as they passed over the bridge down to the water.

"There they go! I should not wonder if he proposed to her this very night," thought the Duchess, with a desponding sigh, as she watched them disappear together.

They were walking now on the other side of the lake, in the lovely gloom, though a bright flood of radiance danced over the waters; and here Mabel would have withdrawn her hand from his clasp but that he retained it gently.

"You promised to let me take you upon the lake," he said, in tones most tender, as if this were an excuse for keeping her fingers within his own.

They kept on by the side of the lake, he leading her, till they came to a boat moored to the bank.

"This is our craft," he said, smiling into her eyes.

And she—she forgot all but that smile, and allowed herself to be placed on the luxurious cushions which were piled on the seat; and then Lord Wynmore seated himself, and pulled out into the middle of the lake.

"There," he said, resting on his sculls—"if I had my will, I would float here for ever, and"—lowering his voice—"ask for no other companion."

She tried to answer him lightly, but somehow she knew that he was in earnest, and that light words would jar upon the harmony of so supreme a moment.

Still she was far from realizing that she was dearer to him than all else in the universe—that her smile was more precious to him than the smile of any princess or duchess in courtly circles—that he could have fallen at her feet then and there and besought her to grant him a small measure of her love—that she had taken his heart by storm, and that, if he had not already entreated her to accept his hand, it was because he feared to frighten her by so hasty a declaration of affection.

"I shall go away happy now!" she said to herself, as they sat there together. "No one can take this recollection from me."

And, whilst she was thus musing, he was asking his own heart—

"Dare I tell her how I worship her?"

But as yet he did not dare.

"Suppose she sends me away from her—how shall I bear it?" he asked himself anxiously; and then, looking into her fair face, he said aloud—

"I hope this is not the last time we shall come here together!"

She could have answered him—

"Oh, I too hope not, for I have been very happy!"

Just then the melodious strains of a waltz reached their ears.

"I think that they are beginning to dance. We must go back to the house," she said.

"Why are we so continually obliged to do the very opposite of what we wish?" he asked, with a sigh.

His words sent another thrill of joyful rapture through all her pulses. Did he really mean that he preferred sitting there in her company to joining his friends?

"He says these kind things because he pities me!" she thought, seeking to check the exultation of her heart.

Too soon it would be all over, and she would have to face her father's indignation and uncle John's sternness. It was indeed wonderful that uncle John should have permitted her to come here at all.

"I ought to feel very much indebted to your brother's forgetfulness," remarked her companion, in a low tone, as he pulled ashore.

"Why?" she asked, puzzled as to his meaning, and looking up, innocent as a child.

"Can you ask?" he returned. "Suppose he had never forgotten that box of flies; then you and I would never have become acquainted as we did."

She blushed at his words, trying to murmur some reply, but it was inaudible.

The boat shot in; he sprang out upon the bank, moored his craft to a post, and offered her his hand. The music had grown much louder.

"They are waiting for you in order to begin dancing," she faltered.

"We shall soon be there; and, remember, you have promised me a waltz. You won't disappoint me?" he added, again taking her hand.

And in this fashion they regained the flower-scented grounds, Mabel a little anxious as to what her uncle would say respecting her absence.

"Oh, here you are, Neville!" said Lady Effington, meeting her brother at the bridge. "My dear boy, you must lead off the dance with the Duchess or with one of her daughters."

"I know," he said; then, turning to Mabel—"But the next dance is ours? May I think so?"

And almost before she could falter her assent, Lady Effington claimed her attention.

"My dear, let me present Lord Fordham; he wishes to have the pleasure of dancing with you."

And Mabel was whirled off into the midst of the gay assemblage, unconscious that she was followed by a hundred pairs of eyes, and certainly by those of her uncle.

"It seems to progress," he muttered to himself, as he gazed at Mabel's light form floating among the dancers so gracefully.

"I hope you are enjoying yourself, dear Mab," whispered Dick, coming by with one of the Duchess's daughters leaning on his arm.

"Oh, Dick," replied Mab, in a low tone, "it has been like Paradise!"

Suddenly Lord Wynmore came to her side.

"This is our dance," he said quietly; and to Mabel his voice was like sweetest music.

"Will you take a turn now in the gardens?" asked her host, when their dance came to an end. And they went out under the clear sky.

For an instant it was in his heart to dare all and falter how much he loved her; the next he remembered her youth, their brief acquaintance, and that his impassioned words might startle her. No; he must do more to win her love ere he ventured so much.

The night wore on. Couples who were not dancing strolled up and down the broad terrace, enjoying the view of the lake by moonlight; and in every pause of the lighter music the notes of a pathetic ballad or a strain of deeper melody floated up from the lake.

Midnight had sounded. Mabel stood on the terrace, thinking that she would soon now have said good-bye to Lord Wynmore.

"I have had what I wished so much! I ought now to be content—more than content," she said within herself; but yet she felt very sad.

"Miss Charlford, I have been looking for you everywhere!" said Lord Wynmore's voice at her elbow. "Won't you take one turn with me in the grounds?"

"Oh, no; my father is coming home next week! We shall go back immediately," she answered, faltering a little when she alluded to her father.

"And are you not pleased to go home?" he said quickly.

"Pleased?" she cried. "How could we be pleased? Father is so stern; and Dick and I have got into trouble! But we shall get through it, as we have many a time before—only it is worse a good deal this time."

"What is worse? Who dares to make you unhappy? Oh, Mabel," he cried, forgetting his fears, forgetting all save that he longed to take her far away from every kind of trouble—"oh, Mabel, don't you understand that my love for you began the moment that I first saw your divinely beautiful face? Teach me how to win your affection, my own beloved."

And then, his heart beating wildly, he paused for her answer.

It came in the shape of a burst of tears which she could not restrain; and soon she was sobbing on his breast, and faltering out incoherently a response to his passionate pleading.

"Tell me, dearest—is there any hope that I may win you for my own? Oh, what would I not do to make you happy?" he cried, covering her hands with kisses.

And she, slowly raising her head, murmured with a sweet and tender rapture—

"Do you think I can ever be quite unhappy again? Never—never!"

"Oh, my own love, am I so blest as to be anything to you? And just now I dared hardly hope! I even feared that you would send me away from you."

And then for a brief space they both forgot time and place—all but themselves, and that they loved each other. But there was a hidden trouble in Mabel's heart which recalled her to the present; her very love awoke it anew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEGGING AS AN ART.

There is certainly too little charity in the world, for one to say a word to lessen it; but it is all the more important that it be wisely bestowed. It is very unwisely bestowed when it is given to the professional beggar, and drawn from you by a tissue of lies, as is almost certain to be the case when it is given without thorough investigation. It will not do merely to cross-question the beggar; he is quite prepared for that, and the result is sure to be a conviction that the case is both genuine and urgent.

Inquiries must be made where he lives, and amongst those to whom his antecedents are known. Without this, you are duped, and the money that would have been a boon to deserving sufferers, is worse than thrown away. I will record in part the experience by which I have learned this, in the hope that it may have a similar effect on others.

I have been the minister of a church, says a certain writer, for many years; and having come from a quiet country parish, knew little of the tricks of the begging trade. I had been there only a few months when a woman called on me in a state of great destitution, having walked from my former home without breakfast, and only a little bread the day before. She coolly told me she had lived in my district four years ago, and sat under my ministry and enjoyed it greatly. I had only said I did not know her, when she interrupted me, assuring me I was mistaken, I had often been in her house, seeing her poor dear mother when she was dying, &c. I was in no danger of giving her anything; she made no pretensions other than that of relying on her own assurance to overreach me.

A little more skill was displayed by a man who called—by design, doubtless—when I was out, and was seen by my wife. He had been dreadfully bitten in the leg by a ferocious dog, was to get into a hospital next day, but had not a copper for food or bread for the night.

While he spoke, by a convenient arrangement of his trouser-leg the awful wound was disclosed to view. Ladies are all nervous nowadays, and one can easily imagine how effectual such a trick as this must be. The first coin that can be got hold of is thrust into his hand, and, with a sigh of relief, the possible victim of hydrophobia is hustled out at the door. I heard of him several days after, still telling the same tale, but not just ready to go into the hospital.

The result of my experience leads me to say to every one: Make it a rule never to give on the spot or instant to any applicant not known to you; ask the address, and get inquiries made; and be sure and know what you are doing before you give. Seek out the deserving poor; they, as a rule do not come to ask alms; yet you may find them, and your gifts will do both you and the recipients good—you, as much as them.

SHORT GUIDE FOR GIRLS.—Do not echoose an opposite." You will be opposite enough in time. Take your mother's advice on the question of a husband, provided she took her mother's. Either put your foot down on his cigar before marriage or make up your mind to keep quit about it afterward. Learn to sew and cook if you can, but above all things learn to keep still and look sweet when wild enough to blow the roof off. See and hear all the plays, operas, and concerts you can during the engagement; bad weather is very apt to interfere after marriage.

AN old tramp who had agreed to saw wood for half an hour for his breakfast from a Baltimore woman, quit at the seventh stick and said: "Madam, I have struck for more breakfast and less wood; are you willing to arbitrate?" "Certainly," she replied, and she left the case in the hands of her bulldog, who ran the tramp half a mile and decided that a lock-out was inevitable.

A family moved from their house a month ago, and recently the little girl of the family and her mother went to call on the lady who occupied the house they had vacated. While there the child saw a baby that had arrived but a few days before. She looked at it carefully, and then said, "Mamma we moved a little too soon; we should have had that baby if we had stayed here."

"MAMMA," said little Bobby, "I have eaten my cake all up, and Charlie hasn't touched his yet. Won't you make him share with me so as to teach him to be generous?"

MY FANCY'S QUEEN.

BY W. B. K.

Be thou forever blest propitious day,
When first I saw her robed in creamy white,
I sought to speak to her—she would not stay,
But, like a startled wood bird, took to flight.
The fairies knew her as she swiftly stept
Along the forest pathway arched with green,
And from the flower-fastnesses outcrept,
To weave new love-spells for my Fancy's Queen.

I followed hard at heel—she knew it not,
For never once she turned her lovely face
Nor paused, but onward sped toward the spot
Whereon were housed her innocence and grace.
I rested not until I learned her name,
And wooed her—aye, and made her mine, I ween!
And now she is a grave and stately dame,
But none the less is she my Fancy's Queen!

TOLD BY TWO.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

TOLD BY EMMELINE BURT.

YOU have already heard all about my dear Will's unhappy and unfortunate adventure in a railway car—how he was robbed of a bag of money belonging to the bank while on his way to Thorpdale, and what were the reasons which induced him to leave England and join his cousin in Australia.

It now devolves upon me to take up and continue the narrative from the point where he left off.

At the time of Will's departure, my position was that of governess in a certain family in Yorkshire.

Six months later my engagement there came to an end, and I was compelled to look out for another situation. Fortunately, I was not long in obtaining one.

My new engagement was to superintend the education of the two youthful daughters of Sir Francis Clavison, a wealthy baronet, who resided at a place called Normanfield, about sixty miles from London.

Sir Francis had not always been so rich as he was now; he owed the chief part of his wealth to his wife, the daughter of an iron-master in the north of England. Lady Clavison was a very handsome woman, with imperious manners, but a kind heart.

Sir Francis was a good-looking, indolent, well-bred nonentity, whom nothing could rouse into action.

Figuratively speaking, he yawned through life with his hands in his pockets, interfering with no one, and only asking not to be interfered with in return.

One of the most important members of the family circle at Normanfield, and one who was treated with much consideration, was Mr. Primley, a wealthy bachelor of sixty-eight, and Lady Clavison's uncle.

A suite of rooms in one wing of the mansion was set apart for his sole use; and however full of guests the rest of the house might be, his apartments were never intruded upon.

Here he led a quiet, almost solitary life, seldom taking any of his meals with the family, and never being seen at all when there were visitors.

He was one of the shyest of mortals, and I had been three months at Normanfield before I had exchanged half-a-dozen words with him.

Mr. Primley had a library of several thousand volumes, and, after his own fashion, might be considered a great student. He was a Fellow of two or three learned Societies, the meetings of which he occasionally attended in London.

He was generally engaged on a paper for one or another of them, which was destined ultimately to find its way into the printed Transactions of the particular Society for whose edification it had been written, and there, with many more of its congeners, be buried and forgotten.

It was scarcely to be expected that so devoted and assiduous a student as Mr. Primley, especially now that his eyes no longer served him as well as they once had done, should be able to dispense with the services of an amanuensis.

In his case, the office in question was filled by a lady—a certain Mrs. Numby—a widow, apparently about fifty years of age.

Mrs. Mumby's duties were multifarious. She had not merely to conduct her employer's correspondence—he was a terrible man for letter-writing—but to hunt up references, verify authorities, and transcribe Mr. Primley's hieroglyphics into something that the printer would be able to set up without having to tear his hair in the process.

She also read to him by the hour together, when the more arduous labors of the day were over.

As a matter of course, my life at Normanfield was a very lonely one as far as companionship and sympathy were concerned; it could not well be otherwise.

But I had no lack of books to fall back upon, having the free run of the library; then, outdoors, there were the great sunny spaces of the park to ramble about in, which the deer and I had all to ourselves.

While, best of all, every fortnight brought a bright, cheery letter from Will, which I need scarcely say I read again and again, so that I knew each of them by heart long before the time the next one was due.

Dear boy! he always wrote in very good spirits, and seemed to like his new mode of life far better than he had ever liked his old one.

At present, of course, he was merely learning his business; by-and-by, he hoped to begin in a small way on his own account.

Whenever my spirits flagged a little, and they did sometimes, whenever the way seemed long and the burden heavy, I sat down in my room, and taking out Will's bundle of letters, I read them through from beginning to end.

In such cases I found them to act like the finest tonic in the world. Punctually every fortnight, my answers, such as they were, went speeding across the ocean.

My quiet mode of life left me very little to write about, and often my epistles seemed to me scarcely worth the postage; but if Will had the art of reading between the lines, he must have known how dearly I loved him.

All this time, no clue had been forthcoming to the perpetrators of the audacious robbery of which Will had been the victim, nor, after so long a period, did it seem probable that there ever would be.

And yet, how often in life it happens, when things seem the most hopeless, that unseen Powers are working for us by devious paths of which we know nothing.

I had been about nine or ten months at Normanfield, when Mrs. Mumby died suddenly after only two days's illness.

We were given to understand that poor Mr. Primley was disconsolate, and wandered about his rooms bewailing his loss, and murmuring that he should never find any one who would be to him what his 'devoted Mumby' had been.

Before a week was over, an advertisement was inserted in the *Times*; and two days later Lady Clavison and her uncle went up to London together.

It was on Tuesday they went, and they did not return till Friday, when it was noticed that Mr. Primley's placid cheerfulness seemed to have quite come back to him.

Next day, it was whispered that Mrs. Mumby's successor was to arrive in the course of the following week.

My informant in this and a score of other matters—for my position in the household was to a certain extent an isolated one—was Mrs. Case, the housekeeper, an elderly personage of ponderous build and stately manners, who had taken quite a liking to me on account of some fancied resemblance I bore to a daughter whom she had lost many years before.

When the day's labors were at an end both for her and me, Mrs. Case would generally trot upstairs to my room and entertain me for half an hour with the gossip of the day; and thus it fell out that I came to be acquainted with many matters respecting which I should otherwise have known nothing.

It was on the Thursday evening following, as Mrs. Case entered my room, that she said to me—

"Well, my dear, she's come at last, and I can't say that I like her."

"Who is it that has come, Mrs. Case, and why don't you like her?"

"Why, who should it be but poor dear Mumby's successor; and I don't like her because I don't," answered the old lady sturdily, as she deposited herself in the easy-chair, which was drawn up to the fire in readiness for her.

"Is she young and pretty?" I ventured to ask.

"She is neither one nor the other. She is forty, if she's a day; and if anybody ever told her she was good-looking, the truth was not in them."

"Have you spoken to her?"

"O yes, I've spoken to her. When the fly drove up to the door, and I was told who was in it, I sent Susan Cott to show her to her rooms—the same two rooms Mrs. Mumby used to occupy—but it seems that Susan was not good enough for madam, and she asked to see me. As, of course, I could not go to her, she was obliged to come to me. She was very polite and soft-spoken, I must say; but for all that, I took a dislike to her the moment I set eyes on her. I can't tell why, I'm sure: I only know that I did; maybe it's instinct. Well, she wanted this and that alteration made in her rooms; the writing-desk to be placed between the two windows, the position of the bed altered, and so on. I promised all she asked; and as she was so excessively polite to me, I could not be otherwise than excessively polite in return; but for all that, we hate each other like cat and dog; it did not take either of us long to find that out. You should have seen the evil look in her eyes, although there was a smile on her lips, when she bid me good afternoon and left the room. A dangerous woman, my dear. I wonder where she came from?"

"Did you ascertain her name?"

"It's rather an uncommon name—Mrs. Ion. I don't know that I ever heard it before."

What Mrs. Case had told me with regard to the newcomer made but little impression on my mind at the time, and our duties were so diverse that it was not likely she and I would ever be brought much into contact.

I think she had been nearly a fortnight at Normanfield before I even saw her, and then only in the dusk of evening.

We met on the staircase, stared at each other for a moment, and that was all. Meeting only by that dim light, we should scarcely have recognized each other again.

Of my two pupils, Fanny, the elder, was now close upon twelve years old. In honor of her birthday, Lady Clavison decided to give a juvenile ball; but before the arrival of the youngsters, there was to be a little dinner-party, strictly en famille, to which both Mrs. Ion and I were invited.

Of course I knew quite well that I should be called upon to play the dance-music afterwards; but I did not mind that. It would be a pleasant interlude in the somewhat stagnant round of my daily existence.

When I entered the drawing-room on the evening in question, previously to going in to dinner, I found a gentleman in conversation with Mr. Primley whom I had never seen or heard of before.

Lady Clavison, who happened to be in one of her gracious moods, introduced him to me as "my brother, Mr. Bruton." He was a resolute-eyed, masterful-looking man, but with an exceedingly pleasant smile, and the moment he spoke to me I felt that I should like him.

He took the head of the table at dinner, he and Mr. Primley being the only gentlemen present. Sir Francis was in one of his hipped moods, and did not appear.

As it happened, I was placed at table exactly opposite Mrs. Ion, who glided in at the last moment with a few whispered words of apology to her ladyship.

Her dress was of black satin, relieved by a little lace here and there—all in very good taste.

There was a stand of ferns between her and me, which partially hid us from each other, and for a little while I made no attempt to gratify my curiosity with regard to her.

By-and-by Lady Clavison addressed some question to her, and as she bent forward to reply to it, I raised my eyes, and for the first time I had a clear view of her face. I could not repress a start the moment my eyes rested on her.

"I have seen her before, but when and where?" I whispered to myself.

It was a puzzle that occupied my thoughts for the next ten minutes, but without bringing any solution. Her face had been in profile when she was speaking to Lady Clavison.

When next I had an opportunity of observing her, she was looking across the table, and our eyes met. Then it was I saw something which caused a light to flash suddenly across my mind, and for a moment or two left me almost breathless.

Without seeing more of her than her profile, I had seemed vaguely to recognize her; but now that her face was turned full towards me, now that I saw, about a quarter of an inch below the left corner of her mouth, a small brown mole, I knew in an instant who it was of whom she had put me so strangely in mind—it was of the elder of the two women who was a fellow-traveler with Will on that memorable night when he was so cruelly robbed!

As, however, I had never set eyes on the woman in question, it becomes needful to explain how it came to pass that I was so immediately struck by the close and singular likeness which existed between her and the Mrs. Ion who was now sitting opposite me.

I don't think Will has mentioned the fact in his narrative, but he has the pleasant gift of being able, with a few apparently careless strokes of his pen or pencil, to sketch a faithful and unmistakable likeness, or a good-natured caricature, of any one whose features, or personal peculiarities, circumstances, or his own artistic instinct, render him desirous of reproducing.

Thus, as he and I sat together one day in the wood at Crutchley Priory, our talk at the time being chiefly about the robbery, he tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and proceeded then and there to make three or four pencil sketches of the two women whom he had such bitter cause to remember.

The sketch of the younger woman, as a matter of course, was of a very indefinite character, seeing that the whole of the upper part of her face had been hidden by her veil, and that there was nothing distinctive about the rest of her features, or any peculiarity of dress or appearance which would tend towards her identification at any subsequent time.

But with the elder woman it was different. The strongly defined but somewhat irregular aquiline features, the prominent cheek-bones, the eyes deep set in their orbits, the two protruding, wolfish-looking teeth, the three flat gray curls on each side of her forehead, and the mole below the left corner of her mouth—were each and all distinctive features which lent themselves readily to the sketcher's art.

When we rose to go, I asked Will to give me the paper. I had often looked at it since, and at the present time it was locked up in my desk upstairs.

After eyeing me for a few moments, as if mentally taking my measure, Mrs. Ion turned her attention elsewhere; but I, on the contrary, was so interested, that I scarcely noticed anything that was going forward around me.

The stand of ferns was between us; but by sitting as upright as possible, I could see her between the fronds; while, unless she should fix her eyes directly on me, she would scarcely notice that she was being so closely observed.

As far as features were concerned, the likeness between Mrs. Ion and the face in Will's sketch was an exceedingly remarkable one.

The aquiline nose, the high cheek-bones, and the mole on her chin, all were the same; but, on the other hand, there were two striking discrepancies, which would seem to point to the fact of the likeness between the two women being nothing more than a somewhat remarkable coincidence.

Will had described his fellow-traveler as a woman apparently about fifty years old, with hair that was unmistakably gray; whereas Mrs. Ion could not be more than thirty-eight or forty, and her hair, which she wore in plain bands, was of a glossy black without a gray thread in it.

Then, again, where were the two long protruding teeth which formed such a marked feature in the appearance of the other woman?

Mrs. Ion's teeth were as regular and unremarkable as my own; but it was just possible that the dentist might be answerable for that. The longer I looked at her, the more puzzled and disquieted I became.

There was another feature of the affair which did not fail to present itself to me.

Mrs. Ion's position at Normanfield was that of amanuensis and secretary to a gentleman of literary tastes—a scholar and an antiquary; presumably, therefore, she was a person possessed of culture and considerable educational endowments.

That being the case, how was it possible to connect such a woman, even in thought, with the bare-faced, vulgar theft of a bag of money from a railway car?

While, to go a step farther, it seemed incredible that Mrs. Ion should have obtained her present situation had not her testimonials been of the most unimpeachable kind.

No; the likeness between the two women, startling though it was, could not possibly be anything more than a coincidence.

I had all but settled this point in my mind, not perhaps entirely to my own satisfaction, but because no other conclusion seemed feasible, when I suddenly remembered one important factor in the problem, which up to that moment I had quite overlooked.

More than once in our talks about the robbery, Will had made mention of the little finger of the elder woman's right hand as being so much out of proportion with her other fingers.

It was a peculiarity that had at once struck his quick artistic eyes, which nothing out of the common in any one's appearance seemed to escape.

My heart began to beat with painful quickness as soon as I realized the fact that here at least was a test which ought to turn my doubts into proof positive or dispel them forever.

If a certain malformation of one of Mrs. Ion's fingers existed a year ago, it must exist at the present time; nothing could be more evident than that.

I now became far less anxious to scan Mrs. Ion's features than to obtain an unimpeded view of her hands; but for some time that was impossible, hidden from me as they were by the stand of ferns.

Chance, however, favored me when dessert was put on the table. Mrs. Ion reached forward with her right hand to select an apricot from the dish. One glance was enough; she was the woman!

How I got through the rest of the evening, I scarcely know. I played the dance music mechanically, and laughed and romped between times with some of the little ones.

Uncle Primley only stayed while the children danced their first quadrille; and half an hour later, Mrs. Ion quietly vanished. She went without a word having passed between us.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NARRATIVE OF EMMELINE BURT CONTINUED.

NO sooner did I find myself alone, than I unlocked my desk and drew Will's pencil sketch from the drawer, where it had lain untouched for months. As I stood and gazed at it, I was even more struck than I had been, when trusting to memory alone, with its startling resemblance to Mrs. Ion, more especially when, by placing a strip of paper over the lower part of the face, the two protruding teeth were hidden.

After the proof afforded by the deformed finger, it would have seemed as if doubt were no longer possible, and yet my mind shrank involuntarily from the only other alternative.

I lay awake till daybreak, unable to sleep. What to do, I knew not. From whatever point of view I looked at the affair, it seemed beset by improbabilities too glaring to be reconciled.

Next day brought no enlightenment. I went about my duties like one in a dream. In the afternoon, a fresh thought struck me. I would seek an interview with Mrs. Ion by daylight, and ascertain, now that I had renewed my acquaintance with the sketch, whether a second perusal of her features would do anything towards either the confirmation or the removal of my doubts.

The excuse that I wanted some particular book from the library would serve my purpose.

I waited till Mr. Primley was taking his usual constitutional on the terrace, when I knew that Mrs. Ion would be alone. My heart beat considerably faster than usual as I tapped at the library door, and then, without waiting for an invitation, I opened it and went in.

As I had anticipated, I found Mrs. Ion alone. She rose from the writing-table and stared at me out of her deep-set eyes in unmistakable surprise. I told her the object of my errand, naming the book I had come in quest of.

"Yes, I think we have the work in question," she said; "and I have no doubt I can find it for you in half a minute."

Short as the time was, it gave me the opportunity I sought.

"The little people seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves last night," she said with

a cold smile as she handed the book. "I should have liked to stay and watched them a little longer, but had some transcribing to finish for Mr. Primley."

I made some commonplace reply, thanked her, and left the room.

"If she is not the original of Will's sketch she must be her twin-sister," I said to myself as I went slowly upstairs.

Never had I felt my loneliness and helplessness so much as during the next few days; never had the space that divided me from him I loved seemed so immeasurable.

How I wished that he were near enough to counsel and advise me; for, in truth, I knew not what steps it behooved me to take in the disquieting position in which I now found myself.

Matters, meanwhile, went on in their ordinary quiet groove, and at times I almost grew to fancy that I must have been the victim of some uncanny dream or unaccountable hallucination.

When I had done with the borrowed book, I sent it back by one of the maids with my thanks: I had no desire to seek another interview with Mrs. Ion.

About the middle of March, Lady Clavison was laid up with a severe cold, and forbidden to leave the house. One day she sent for me.

"Miss Burt," she said, "as I am unable to get out myself, I want you to be so good as to go to Cheriton this afternoon and get these crewel silks matched for me. There is a train at four o'clock, and another one back a little after six, which will give you ample time. You will take a first-class return ticket, and let me know to-morrow what you pay for it."

Cheriton, which was fifteen miles away, was the nearest large town. I had never yet visited it, and the prospect of doing so, though it were for a couple hours only, was a pleasant one; besides which, I should be enabled to do a little shopping on my own account, a gratification from which I had long been debarred.

I experienced some difficulty in matching her ladyship's silks, having to call at three or four shops before being able to do so; and by the time I had completed my own small purchases, the quarter-past-six train had been gone some time.

The next train was at half-past seven, so I had to while away the intervening time as best I could.

When the train, which had started from London two or three hours earlier, came booming into the station, I looked out for a compartment containing one or more passengers of my own sex.

The only one I could find that was not already crowded contained two gentlemen and a lady, and in this I proceeded to take my seat.

I had scarcely done so when the train started; and as soon as I had arranged my packages, of which I had three or four, I turned to examine my traveling companions.

The two gentlemen seemed commonplace individuals enough, and I did not bestow a second thought on them. But the woman! If ever in my life my blood ran cold, it did at the moment my eyes fell on the female, who was sitting in the opposite corner of the car, her hands folded on her lap, and looking as impassive as if cut out of marble.

Was I gazing on Mrs. Ion, or on the original of Will's sketch, or on both, or neither? I was like a creature fascinated; I could not turn away my eyes.

Before me I saw a woman, the upper half of whose face, like that of the younger of the two women in Will's adventure, was effectually hidden by a veil; but what the veil did not hide was a brown mole a little below the left corner of her mouth, and two long, sharp, protruding teeth, which lent a strangely sinister and cruel expression to as much of her face as could be seen. Was I bewitched? I asked myself.

Was what I was looking at reality, or was it nothing more than an optical delusion—the unsubstantial phantasm of an overwrought brain?

I turned and stared out of the window into the darkness, while I strove to steady my fluttering nerves. When next my eyes were drawn to the opposite corner, the woman had lowered her veil, so that it now hid the whole of her face.

Then involuntarily my gaze traveled down to her hands, which were incased in tightly fitting black kid gloves. But here I was foiled; the left hand being laid lightly over the fingers of the right in such a way as to completely cover the latter.

She was dressed quietly and in good taste and there was nothing in her appearance to attract the special attention of any one; but to me the smallest detail might not be without its value and significance.

Among other things, I noticed that she carried a tightly folded brown silk umbrella with a carved ivory handle, one of the ribs of which bulged out a little, as if it had been bent by accident.

Her cloak was long and black, and reached nearly to her feet. She kept it closely wrapped round her; but a slight displacement of one corner, of which she was probably unaware, revealed to me that it was lined with some kind of gray fur.

Almost before I had time to gather my scattered wits, and certainly before I had made up my mind what course I ought to adopt in a contingency so startling and unexpected, the train stopped at Dane Hill Station.

Here the two gentlemen alighted. The next station we should stop at would be Royston, where I should have to quit the train; it being little more than a mile from the entrance to Normanfield Park.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Brought To Bay.

BY K. D.

THE events I am about to relate occurred in Kansas in the year 1858, when the "garden of the West" was still a territory, and Judge Lynch held his courts in the open air.

Under the jurisdiction of that most worthy judge, horse thieves and murderers generally received the same sentence—to be hanged by their necks from a limb of the most convenient tree till they were dead.

John Crawford, one of the wealthiest and therefore most respected men in the settlement, had a valuable horse stolen from his barn, one night, and the next day he and some ten or a dozen of his neighbors set out to search for the missing animal.

They soon struck its trail, which, to their surprise, led them directly to the ranche of young Henry Sherman, who had always been respected for his honesty and square dealing.

They had not quite reached the house when Henry was seen leading the horse out of the barn, and quickening their pace, they soon came up to him.

He seemed surprised at their angry gestures, but made no effort to escape.

"You don't get away so easily, Mr. Henry!" said John Crawford, with a meaning glance at the rifle he carried.

"What do you mean?" asked Sherman, whose face turned slightly pale.

"I mean that you stole my horse last night, and were about to take him away when we came here and caught you in the act," retorted Crawford.

With an exclamation of anger, Henry Sherman dealt his accuser a blow with his fist; but he was quickly seized by half a dozen strong men and held powerless.

"String him up!" cried Crawford, stung by the blow he had received. "Up with him! He deserves no trial!"

Several others took up the cry, and Sherman saw that his life was in great peril.

The men were growing excited, and thought little of taking the law in their own hands when aroused.

"You are mistaken! Hear me!" the young man shouted.

"A sneaking horse thief does not deserve to be heard," shouted Crawford loudly.

"Stand back! You shall not murder me!" cried Sherman, struggling to get loose.

"Hold him!" shouted Crawford. "Shoot him if he gets away."

This scene took place in front of Henry Sherman's barn, about thirty yards from his house.

It was a beautiful June morning, and on the north were lovely green fields, while on the south, toward the river, there were deep woods, whose foliage glistened in the morning sunlight.

Very sad was the contrast between the sweet beauties of surrounding nature and the fierceness of the angry men.

In the midst of the struggle a sharp scream pierced the air, and a young girl, her cheeks pale with excitement, and her long locks of hair streaming from her bonnetless head, and clasped the prisoner around the neck, shrieking—

"Let him go! Let him go! He never stole the horse—I know it! O Henry, Henry!"

"Who is that girl?" asked one of the men.

"It's Alice Card," was replied.

And this Alice Card was a beautiful girl, who loved Henry Sherman, and for him had rejected the overtures of John Crawford.

"Take the girl away, some one—she's crazy," said the latter. And he seized her by the arm.

But Sherman tore himself from those who held him, and struck Crawford another heavy blow, sending him reeling to the ground.

Then, by an utterly unexpected movement, he cleared himself from those who surrounded him, bounded away into the woods, and disappeared.

"Curse him! He's escaped! But I'll have him yet!" said Crawford, as he sprang up in rage, and seized his rifle. "Follow him! He must not escape! Where's the girl?"

But in the excitement Alice Card had also disappeared.

"Scatter in all directions. The rascal shall hang! After him!" yelled Crawford, as he dashed into the wood, followed by the whole party.

It was little less than half an hour later that Henry Sherman emerged from the underbrush at the foot of a huge oak tree, and threw himself down at its roots, almost exhausted.

He lay panting for a few minutes from his recent excitement and exertion, and beginning to recover his breath, murmured in a half distracted way—

"What am I to do? Where can I go? They are thirsting for my life, for they believe me guilty. Crawford has inflamed their passions, and it is useless to appeal to their reason. They are like madmen. If they find me I shall be compelled to fight to the death. Yet I am unarmed. How can I die so dishonorably? Alice believes me innocent. Thank Heaven for that."

Footsteps were at that moment heard coming toward him, and he sprang up quite startled.

"It is I, Henry!"

And Alice hurried to him, and grasped both his hands.

"I guessed you would come here, and have followed you."

"Oh, Alice—"

"Hush!" she interrupted softly. "Come into the hollow."

Leading him around to the opposite side of the tree, she drew a clinging vine and disclosed an entrance to a large cavity in the trunk of the oak.

"But they may come here and look in," said Henry Sherman.

"No. I don't believe any one except ourselves knows of this place," said Alice.

They entered the cavity and took their positions as far from the entrance as possible, where the light was not strong.

"You will be safe here for some time," said Alice. "I will bring you food every day until I can find friends who will prove your innocence."

"But you don't doubt me; that will be consolation," said Henry.

"Doubt you? How could I think you capable of such a deed?"

"Yet you see that some do."

"They have been incited by John Crawford, though I don't believe he himself thinks you guilty. I did not suppose he was quite so malignant. But you know how he hates us!"

"Hate you?" exclaimed a third voice, whose hissing tones made them both start, while at the same time a dark shadow fell across the entrance of the cavity. "Hate you? Yes; and now I shall have my revenge. Oh, I hate to some purpose when I hate! It is no meaningless word with me!"

They need not have looked toward the entrance of their hiding place to know that voice, but as they instinctively turned they saw John Crawford standing there, rifle in hand, while in his eyes there was such a look of murderous exultation that even Sherman could not repress a shudder.

"Yes, I've got you!" said Crawford. "You have not triumphed over me for nothing. Both shall die!" he hissed, levelling his rifle.

"John Crawford," said Sherman, calmly, "you know that I fear neither death nor you. I am in your power. I freely give up my life. I am your enemy. Kill me, if you will, but if you expect mercy when the Higher Power sits in judgment over you, spare this innocent girl. You cannot be so bad as to harm her."

"Oh, but I can, though!" was the mocking answer.

"But you will be discovered, and meet the fate you deserve."

"I can say that I killed her while she helped to resist your capture—accidentally, of course. Neither of you will be alive to refute my statement."

"Great Heavens! What a wretch!" exclaimed Alice, trembling from head to foot. "Oh, Henry, we are lost!"

"Of course you are!" exclaimed Crawford, with a mocking laugh. "Did you think you could escape me? Why, Henry Sherman, you don't know me. It was I who stabled my horse in your barn last night, that I might charge you with stealing it. I don't mind your knowing this for you won't tell, you know."

He uttered a taunting laugh, distorting his features into a hideous grin, such as one might see in a nightmare.

Appalled at the awful villainy of the man, Alice Card uttered a piercing scream, and sank to the ground.

Forgetting his danger for a moment, Sherman dropped upon one knee, to lift up the fainting girl.

Crawford must have fired just in that instant, for, as the sharp report of his rifle rang out, the hot bullet passed harmlessly over the head of his intended victim.

The report of the rifle brought back the fleeing senses of Alice, and she clung tremblingly to her lover. Scarcely knowing what he did, he struggled to his feet and raised her with him.

Then he became conscious that there was a sound of confusion at the entrance of the cavity — voices and trampling of feet, mingled with cries of "Seize him!" "Hold him!" "Don't let the villain escape us!"

Sherman glanced out of the aperture, and saw Crawford struggling in the hands of four stout men.

"Who ever heard of such a villain?" one of them exclaimed. "Come out, Henry. We came just in time to hear what he confessed, and we know you are innocent. We are glad you escaped. The right man will hang now. Are you hurt?"

"No; he missed me," replied Henry.

The rest of the party reached the spot, and Crawford was overpowered and bound.

"Why, we've got the wrong man," said one of the last who arrived upon the scene.

"No, but you came near getting the wrong one," said Sherman, as he emerged from the cavity, accompanied by Alice.

He then explained all in a few words, and his statements were corroborated by four men who had overheard John Crawford's admission.

"Now we've got the right man, we'll make short work of him," said one of the men; and clamors of vengeance went round.

Henry Sherman pleaded that the law might be allowed to take its course, but as the prisoner was; but the blood of the lynchers was up, a rope was produced, and the corpse of John Crawford was soon swinging between heaven and earth.

Henry Sherman and Alice Card were married a few weeks later, and I do not think you can find a happier couple in the whole "garden of the West."

CIDER AND VINEGAR.—The more rapidly air is brought into contact with cider the faster the latter will be changed to vinegar. Draw out a little cider daily and return it to the barrel, if for vinegar.

Scientific and Useful.

FAR AWAY.—A Frenchman has succeeded in taking long-distance photographs by fixing a telescope in front of the objective of the camera. The apparatus promises usefulness to tourists and other amateurs.

FINE OIL.—Put pure olive-oil into a clear glass bottle with strips of sheet lead, and expose it to the sun for two or three weeks, then pour off the clear oil, and the result is a lubricant which will neither gum nor corrode. It is used for watches and fine machinery of all kinds.

TO HARDEN WOOD PULLEYS.—Soft maple is often used in the construction of friction pulleys. If it be boiled in olive oil it will prove beneficial in a number of ways. It will harden the timber and render it less liable to split, and at the same time the gear will slip more after such treatment.

MELTING IT.—A new method of getting rid of the snow which had accumulated in the streets of London was recently tried by the authorities with great success. The snow, instead of being carted away, was thrown upon a large tray which was kept hot by a portable boiler. By this method it was quickly melted and passed off into the drains as a stream of water.

CLEANING BRASS.—Make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one part sulphuric acid in a stone jar; then place ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. Dip the articles to be cleaned in the acid, then rinse them in the water, and afterward rub them with sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass be greasy it must first be dipped in a strong solution of caustic potash or soda. This cuts the grease so that the acid has power to act.

LAMP ACCIDENTS.—So many terrible accidents through the use of protroleum lamps have been recorded, that we are pleased to notice any invention having for its object the rendering more safe that mode of illumination, which, from its cheapness, is most popular with the poorer classes. In a new English invention, an extinguishing cap is so fixed over the burner that directly the lamp is knocked over or dropped from the hand, the flame is automatically caused to go out. The principle can be applied so cheaply, that the commonest forms of lamps can be made with the new attachment, and these will soon be in the market.

Farm and Garden.

PLASTER ONAMENTS.—Plaster busts and statuettes may be cleaned by dipping them in thick liquid cold starch—that is clear starch mixed with cold water—then drying them, and when the starch is brushed off the dirt comes off with it.

WEEDS.—No thrifty farmer will permit coarse weeds, thistles, briars or bushes of any kind to grow by the roadside adjoining his fields. One or two days work each year for two or three years with a stout hush scythe will cause unprofitable varieties of vegetation to give place to valuable grasses.

FLOWERS.—During the summer the size of flowers can be kept up by watering two or three times a week with water in which cow manure has been soaked till of the color of strong coffee; you can hardly give them too much of it, if it gets on the leaves rinse them with clean water. Pick off the faded blossoms; if you want seed tie a rag round the largest, finest blossoms, and leave but one seed-pod on a plant till ripe.

LIME AND CLAY.—It is asserted that a mixture of lime in clay soils has the effect of making them porous and friable, hence by such treatment they are made more workable and are better fitted for nourishing the life of plants. Clays that harden into solid lumps after a shower of rain are little better than rocks, in so far as the food of plants is concerned.

HOTBEDS.—Place the hotbed in a position so as to get the most sunlight during the day, and cover the sash at night so as to avoid loss of heat by radiation. Glass permits heat to escape very rapidly, and it is best, therefore, to use a double-glazed sash, as the air space between the panes of glass will serve as a protection from the cold.

METAL SURFACES.—The following preparation applied to the surface will prevent any rusting on plows or any other metal surfaces. Melt one ounce of resin in a gill of linseed oil. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or rag to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when the time comes to use it again.

CLOVER.—Many farmers place great stress on the power of clover to restore the fertility of the soil. It does this by taking carbon from the atmosphere and causing elements in the soil to assume organic shape. It is aided in this process by its roots, which penetrate a great distance, and thus lighten up the soil. It is a disputed question whether the plowing in of clover is the most satisfactory and economical method of enriching the soil, but the practice is quite common in many localities.

A PECULIAR genius advertises a new kind of watch for "a society belle." Within the case he has arranged receptacles for a powder puff, pencils for darkening the eyebrows, rouge for the cheeks, and a tiny mirror, in order that the decorating may be done artistically.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 2, 1887.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 726 Sansom St.

Life's Opportunities.

There is hardly enough said of woman's opportunities in life. At the present moment male labor and capital are in direct antagonism, to a greater or less extent. While the larger element is acquiring intelligence, so relatively it is attaining power, uniting in a common cause, professedly to protect itself against oppression. How far it is right or wrong will not now be considered, but rather woman's relation to the new order of things, and the probabilities that her co operation will tend to soften the asperities that now exist.

One of the obstacles to woman's advancement, surprising and incongruous as it may appear, proceeds from the indifference, nay, the opposition, of woman herself, in many instances from married women, who, feeling temporarily secure for their future, evidently deem it disloyal to their liege lords to take away from them the royal prerogatives of dependence.

Then there is the iron rule of custom; the path our fathers have trod, so must the children follow in the same narrow ruts. Then there is the fear that the ranks of the bread-winners will be overcrowded.

But while objectors may croak, very many will rejoice in the independence of women. Anxious fathers and mothers, brothers on whom the sister may be more or less dependent, the hearts of all truly great noble men and women, will throb with a quickened pulsation as they achieve victories—nay, their own souls will rejoice in the consciousness of emancipation—that they have dared to be right, and as God would have them.

Another bugbear that is intended to keep woman in the background is that she will lose those feminine graces of character peculiarly her own. Some have them not naturally; but they who have true conceptions of womanly character, like the soldier on the ramparts, will guard the citadel so jealously that the ill-natured world may not have its fling.

Thus far this subject has been treated in its physical aspects. It would be incomplete without referring to the most important of all, the intellectual. Woman should improve the opportunities of her mental being so as to be the co-equal of man. At present the law recognizes great irregularities between the sexes, due to her submission. Let us quote from a paper of the day a few of them:

"The greatest injustice which the law conveys towards women is in regard to the guardianship of children, the law favoring the father. A mother, even if a widow, cannot by will appoint a guardian for her children, although the father has that right. There are several minor inequalities of law, sometimes the difference being very unjust to the wife. Men and women are by no means equal in the eye of the law. As someone has noticed, the law has forgotten that marriage is a union between two persons—a combination of their efforts and resources for the promotion of common interests.

"The last legal enactments have undoubtedly been in favor of married women. The legislator has said that the last thirty years has done more to improve the law for women than the four hundred preceding. The spirit of modern civilization seems to be that of greater equality between men and women."

As a comment on the above extract, it may be said very truthfully this work of reformation lies largely in woman's province to effect it. She must strive herself to work out her own salvation, else the opposite sex may not be sufficiently interested in women to grant them what they do not ask.

Let her make the most of her opportunities socially, morally, intellectually. The farmer's grange opens its doors widely for the co-operation of women, At home she is, or should be, queen regnant. All religious institutions, all moral reforms, especially that including the social evil, are helpless without the aid of women.

The war now pending between capital and labor urgently demands the soothing influence of women—to pour oil upon the troubled waters, to ameliorate and end the bitter conflict, to heal the wounds and bring peace.

Thus acting socially with man in the outer and inner world, she will insensibly advance her own condition and that of the world around her. National wars will cease, the arts of business and commerce will flourish, society will mould its opinions on a higher plane, a higher and nobler religion will rise on the ruins of the old—a religion that really means "Peace on earth and goodwill to man!" Indeed, there seems to be no limit to the world's advancement when woman shall occupy her true place in the social body politic. In a word, the world will become better or worse according as life's opportunities are improved by women.

ENDEAVOR always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and, even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in a pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument? Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

YOUTH is the period of impression and imitation, and then holy aspirations are most rapidly developed. Provide them with music, books and papers, pictures and flowers at home; every encouragement to awaken all that is pure and noble in mind and heart. Let your children feel that their father's house is the dearest spot on earth; and as they pass into life's activities and responsibilities, let them remember the home of their childhood, not as the place of bitter words and hard drudging, where they simply ate, and drank, and slept, but as the sunniest spot in all the past, where their sweetest and holiest affections linger, and where all their truest aspirations and their noblest principles were fostered, formed and fixed.

EVERY event that checkers our lives, every experience that we pass through, may be treated in these two ways: Either we may receive it passively, as something to be accepted and remembered only for itself and its transient effect on our happiness, or we may enter into its real meaning, learn its offered lessons, and pass on with an accumulated power of life. The difference is something like that which we see in two workmen, one of whom has learned a certain method of working, to which he is bound, and beyond which he cares not to look; the other has mastered the principles of his occupation, knows the points to be attained, and uses the most efficacious method.

YOU will find existence full of sweet savor if you do not expect from it what it cannot give. When people complain of life, it is almost always because they have asked impossible things from it. Upon this believe wholly the teachings of the wisest. There is but one foundation for a happy life—the pursuit of the good and of the true. You will be well pleased with existence if you make fair use of it, and if you abide well pleased with yourselves. A noble sentence is that which says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

To overwalk or overwork yourself today is no great matter. A night's rest will put you all to rights. To overwalk or overwork yourself day by day, though only by a small margin, will perhaps put an end to your strength and usefulnes forever. It is that perpetual stretching of the mind, that continual strain, that fractional excess, which does it all. It is the pin prick constantly repeated, and before the sore has had time to heal.

IT is one of Ruskin's pithy sayings that "the obstinacy of the mean man is in the pronunciation of 'I,' and the obstinacy of the great man is in the pronunciation of 'It.'" This difference may be said to divide all energetic men and women into two general classes—those who are bent upon establishing themselves, and those who are bent upon establishing something which they hold more important than themselves.

To be sympathetic is to hold the key of true charity. No one who is this can indulge in the ill-natured surmises, the cross-cornered comments, the slanderous insinuations so sadly rife in society. No one who is sympathetic repeats damaging stories or believes in shameful interpretations. Rather to one of this kind human nature is a thing to love, and its shortcomings are to be pitied rather than condemned—pitied as one pities failure of all kinds.

NEVER bring a human being, however silly, ignorant and weak, above all, any little child, to shame and confusion of face. Never by petulance, by suspicion, by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste, never, above all, by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a sneer, crush what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow-creature.

NEVER quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. Hope is often the cause as well as the effect of youth. It is certainly a very pleasant and healthy feeling. A hopeless person is deserted by himself, and he who forsakes himself is soon forsaken by friends and fortune.

WHAT men need is the moral nature to keep pace with the intellectual, for the ties of human brotherhood to grow strong as the perceptions grow keen. Then shall they see and feel the good more vividly than they do the evil, and hasten to diffuse it around them.

THE real life of the heart is always unfolding in silence, and men of large natures carry in the centre of their hearts a secret garden or a silent wilderness. If there are no heart-words for full human feeling, how much less for divine!

AS flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

NO LIFE can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object, that has realized no hopes?

THERE are three things in speech that ought to be considered before they are spoken—the manner, the place and the time.

The World's Happenings.

At Reynolds, Ga., a 92-year-old man has just died of measles.

Ice cream served in the form of candles is a gastronomic fancy.

Female students in colleges in the United States are said to number 18,000.

Four thousand people have signed temperance pledges at Vincennes, Ind.

It is one of the ambitions of a Chinaman to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

A groom, aged 80 years, married a woman of 78, recently, at Rockport, N. Y.

Crocker, the California, nabob, has three sons and a daughter to inherit his $40,000,000.

A justice of the peace at Ionia, Mich., has begun suit against a man for a wedding fee.

There are 9,199 licensed saloons in New York city, or one saloon to every 140 inhabitants.

The Duke of Sutherland is reported to be about to purchase a tract of 10,000 acres in Florida.

Railway cars are now fitted up as churches in Russia, so that people can worship as they travel.

Out in Arizona a person who talks grammatically is said to "sling United States with neatness and dispatch."

A doctor in Piscataquis county, Maine, walked fourteen miles on snowshoes to attend a patient one day last week.

A village, suburban to Atlanta, Ga., and to be exclusively for colored people, has been laid out and is to be incorporated.

A burglar was captured in a house in New Haven, Conn., the other night. He had fallen fast asleep in a rocking-chair.

A Brooklyn police officer, with a delusion that he lived in a house made of cards, has been sent for treatment to a local hospital.

A German savant has issued a volume on left-handed people, in which he states that nearly 25 per cent. of the criminal class are left handed.

Four lads, ranging in age from 17 to 19 years, were lately hanged simultaneously in Sydney, New South Wales, for brutally assaulting a young girl.

Five members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Seabright, N. J., have been expelled for dancing on a steamboat and at a social entertainment.

The Chaplain of the Minnesota Legislature prayed the other day for those "omnipresent and almost omnipotent" men, the newspaper reporters.

"Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

Rutherford B. Hayes registered at a hotel in New Haven, Conn., last week, and it was some hours before anyone noticed that an ex-President was in the house.

The British war ship Raven is reported to have been saved from destruction in a cyclone in the South Pacific by a liberal use of oil, which stilled the stormy waters.

A Chinese stowaway lived in the hold of a ship ten days without either food or water. When found he was nearly dead and remembered nothing of his experiences.

The Memphis authorities, it is stated, have ordered three bloodhounds of approved breed, from which to raise a pack to trail criminals, who have become numerous and bold there lately.

Coal oil, used as a quickener in fire lighting, has severely injured nine persons in Norfolk, Va., within a month past, and a tenth was burned to death there a few days ago by the same process.

A law, providing heavy fines and terms of imprisonment from one month to two years, for railroad officials who discriminate on rates, or enter pooling arrangements, has passed the lower branch of the Texas Legislature.

Sarah Alice Merritt, a 13-year-old girl, living in Jersey City, suffered last week with toothache, and one side of her face became swollen. The other night the abscess broke, and she bled to death before assistance arrived.

Florida buzzards were seen by some fishermen of Palatka to assemble about a fire on a cold day recently evidently for the purpose of warming themselves, turning about from time to time as one side or the other would get cold.

The Snook family, from whom Sir Charles Dilke has inherited a fortune, originally bore the name of Sevenoaks. There are many people in England now who spell their name Sevenoaks and pronounce it Snooks.

Last summer men went through some New England towns leaving trial bottles of medicine, not to be paid for unless used. Recipients were asked only for a written acknowledgement. Several now find in the hands of third parties notes for $25, bearing their signature.

A singular institution has been started in Berlin, having for its object the facilitation and promotion of musical enjoyment in social circles—a sort of circulating library, in fact, where for a small sum a day ten pieces of music, together with easily portable instruments, may be procured.

About $200,000 worth of one and two dollar Dominion notes were disinfected by the City Health officer at Montreal on Friday of last week. They had been called in by a local bank during the small-pox epidemic, and the Government officers declined to handle them unless they were first disinfected.

An Italian went to Bellevue Hospital, New York, on a recent Sunday, to look after the body of his cousin, who had died there. Having gone during his search into the alcohol ward, the keepers thought he was a patient, strapped and handcuffed him and put him in a cell. The mistake was afterwards discovered, and the man, who could not speak any English, was released.

THE PERFECT LIFE.

BY RITA.

Heaven must have fashioned, time ago,
Some perfect life, which Evil stole
And would not suffer to be whole,
But broke in twain with jealous blow,
And cast asunder, that the parts,
Disjoined, might be but sorry things,
Chained to the earth for lack of wings,
And having two imperfect hearts.

But later, in the course of days,
These roving exiles surely met;
And then, unable to forget,
Or drawn by unsuspected ways,
Each recognized again its own,
And, with a tearful, glad embrace,
Clung close, and kissed the weary face
That had so long been lost and lone.

For, since a well-remembered hour,
Your heart has seemed a part of mine—
Some old possession, half divine,
Some relic of my natal dower;
And therefore is the love we know—
The love with daily joy so rife—
Fulfilment of some perfect life
Heaven must have fashioned time ago.

Infatuated.

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM.

IT WAS one of those dreary November evenings when London seems to look its gloomiest. A heavy mist, that later on would turn into rain, hung over the city, and the streets were wet and muddy with the downpour of many days.

It was not a cheerful locality, either that Leonard Crawford had chosen for his walk.

He was strolling along one of those dirty back streets that are to be found in the extreme West, where dwelling-houses seem to be mixed up indiscriminately with second-hand booksellers, Italian warehouses and curiosity shops.

In the latter, indeed, this quarter of the city is especially rich, and it was this circumstance which made its attraction for Leonard.

He did not take much notice of the cold; perhaps, comfortably wrapped in his furlined coat, he scarcely felt it. It was with the gaze of an interested observer that the young man looked about him and seemed to note everything around.

He had a deliberation both in look and manner, that one rarely observes in the hurry of London life, and perhaps it was owing to this habit rather than either to his good looks or his good clothes that one would have singled him out as a remarkable person.

He stopped beside a lamp-post, and watched with a kind of amused interest a thin child, who, half sheltered from observation in the arch of an empty house, was tearing with greedy fingers the shreds of meat from an old bone.

He felt in his pocket for a copper, and after repeated unsuccessful dives, brought up from its depths a half-crown, whose silver face shone in the gaslight.

The child watched his movements with gleaming eyes. Leonard did not ignore this; he simply did not observe it. He restored the coin to his clinking comrades, and sauntering on with a good-humored smile, said over his shoulder:

"Very sorry—can't find one."

The child watched the tall figure with an fassinated stare, till it had turned the corner of the street, and then resumed her bone, but it seemed to have lost its relish.

It was a very dirty little shop-window that next attracted Leonard's attention; so dirty, indeed, that it wanted a practiced eye to discern the goods, more hidden than revealed, behind the dusty glass.

He stopped and looked long at the miscellaneous heaps of cracked china, mildewed engravings, embroidered vestments and old coins. It was an inviting assortment, and one that tempted the collector's soul within him; for Leonard Crawford was an ardent lover of curiosities of all sorts, and one who both from taste and habit delighted to accumulate them.

After a little hesitation he pressed the handle of the door and passed in. Here, very much the same disorder met his eye.

A noisy bell welcomed him clamorously, but no living being was in sight; the only sound of life was the sound of a violin, that came to him apparently from the other side of a low glass door, at the back of the shop.

Finding himself thus alone, Leonard made a careful inspection of the shelves and cupboards that clothed the walls.

The china he soon found was mostly spurious, but there were portfolios of engravings which no forger's hand could have executed, and the coins promised well. And all this time the sighing of the violin was in his ears.

At last he began to grow impatient of such solitude, and paced the little shop with a heavy step; then, when this produced no result, he shook the shop door violently, till the bell clashed excitedly and twisted itself in impotent somersaults over his head.

He repeated this operation several times, becoming each time more angry, yet also growing more determined to attract the attention of the violin player, for there was a doggedness about Leonard, that opposition or indifference seldom failed to rouse.

And at last he was successful. The music suddenly ceased, and after a moment's pause the glass door suddenly opened, and a girl stood before him.

At sight of her all Leonard's anger, which had been bubbling to his lips in a flood of impatient words, sank back. For who could speak roughly to that pale vision, that in the gloom of the little shop seemed as if it might melt away even at a breath?

She came forward slowly, and without lifting her eyes, whose deep lashes lay on a face of almost deathly pallor. Her round white throat rose, without relief of any kind, from a heavy, black trailing gown, and to Leonard's gaze, seemed from the contrast almost to sparkle.

Her hair, which was a dull red brown, was caught in a loose knot at the top of her head, and she still held the violin bow in her hand.

The moments passed as Leonard gazed; but as she did not speak or raise her eyes he was forced at last to address her.

"Good evening—ah—I—ah—wanted to look at your coins."

The girl moved forward, with a wonderfully graceful motion, and taking a drawer from the back of the counter, still in perfect silence, placed it for Leonard's inspection.

The young man fumbled feebly amongst its contents. Why did she not speak? Why would she not look at him?

"It was to match these I wanted one," he said at last desperately. "I want a foruth to have them made into sleeve-links. Here," making a dive at a little piece of gold, "don't you think this one will do?"

The girl stretched out her hand—what a beautiful, white hand!—and took it from him.

She held the coin up to the gas, and as the light shone behind it, it made the shadows of the fingers and the soft palm a delicious red, a few tones warmer than the dusky head; and Leonard looked at her with a kind of awe, almost fancying that one of the Bartolozzis, which had first attracted his attention in the window, had taken flesh, and blood, and life, and come—to him.

At last she spoke.

Leonard had begun to dread this as a possible awakening from his dream. But her voice was soft and low, and like the distant, melancholy echo of her violin.

"That coin is false," she said, as she finished her examination of it; "but I can find you one like it that is real."

And she glided from the room.

Left alone, Leonard pressed his hands over his dazzled eyes, and remained in that position till a slight movement aroused him. The girl had re-entered the shop, and stood before him holding the promised curio, her eyes still cast down.

As he took the coin from her hand an overwhelming impulse made him clasp the white fingers in his warm grasp, while he stammered, almost unconsciously to himself, in a low, passionate voice:

"Look up at me; you must look up at me!"

Slowly, very slowly, the heavy lids lifted and he met the surprised gaze of her great dark eyes.

"What do they call you?" he said.

"Celine," she replied, and drew her hand from his.

The shop-bell tinkled loudly, the door opened, and a gust of cold wind ushered in a short, thick-set man.

In a few more minutes, Leonard, still with a feeling of bewilderment, found himself in the street, with the little, unknown coin, in his hand; the shopman's hearty: "Always glad to see you, sir; lots o' things in your line, sir," with its strong cockney accent ringing in his ears.

* * * * * * *

Although glamor may be very delightful while it lasts, its dispersion is never a pleasing process.

It is not, to say the least, comfortable to realize that one has been acting foolishly, and to Leonard Crawford this was a peculiarly bitter sensation.

As a rule he was a prudent man, and generally enjoyed his own good opinion. But as he sat, later on that same evening, at the family dinner table, with its well-known surroundings, he could not deny to himself that scarcely an hour since he had been dangerously near, if not altogether in an undignified and foolish situation.

Perhaps it was the forcible contrast of the dusty little shop, with its single gas-jet and dirty floor, and the warm, well-lit apartment where they were all assembled at dinner, that brought this fact home to him. Everything seemed so commonplace and everyday.

The six fat candles, upheld in solid silver shone with exactly their customary light. There sat his highly respectable father, whom Leonard had never known to make a remark unaddressed; his mother, a delicate-looking woman, round whom the shadow of departed ringlets and roses seemed to linger, was chatting on in her usual spirited, aimless way; his two sisters, pretty, fresh-looking girls, were exchanging the ordinary gossip of callers and engagements.

If, indeed, there were another world of beauty, and mystery and art, such as Leonard had seemed to catch a glimpse of in that dingy street, could these good people live on thus, unsuspicious and self-satisfied through the long vacuity of their prosperous, uneventful lives? No; he had been dreaming.

Faint and cold and tired, his inner eyes had seen a vision, and his senses had deceived him into thinking it reality. No wonder that his answers to his mother's incessant questioning sounded rough and abrupt, and that his favorite dishes passed untasted.

Something of her son's indisposition could not long escape Mrs. Crawford's motherly eyes.

"Leonard!" she remonstrated, as the young man, starting suddenly, sent a long stream of claret flowing from his glass over the spotless white of the table-cloth: "what is the matter with you? I have never seen you do such an awkward thing in all my life. Pray, Buckett," turning to the servant, "wipe up that dreadful mess. What can it be, Leonard? And you have eaten literally nothing at all. What have you been doing with yourself? I am afraid you have stayed out too late and caught a chill. Indeed, I hope it may not be a fever! To refuse game pie—and you were out at teatime, too."

"Oh, then it's easily explained," laughed Fanny, his youngest sister. "He's been to tea and courting with my Lady Clara, and that always makes him cross. The uncertainty of the wooing-time affects your spirits, doesn't it, Lennie? And we must all make allowance for any unevenness in your appetite, and," to himself, "your temper."

"For shame, Fanny!" reproved the elder sister, sharply. "Lady Clara is a very nice—ah—person, and if you only behaved half as well to her brother as Leonard does about her, it would be a very good thing for you and for us all."

"I don't see that," pouted Fanny. "Surely if Lennie chooses to offer himself up nobly on the altar of an aristocratic marriage, the sacrifice is sufficient for the whole family, and his poor little sister may escape."

To Leonard such conversation was insupportable. He pleaded the excuse of a headache; and, submitting impatiently to his mother's caresses, left the family circle for the quiet of his own room.

Then had Fanny to suffer a severe reprimand.

"For 'tis monstrous of you," said her sister, "to try to upset Leonard and spoil everything, just as matters are going so well. Of course she is a few years older than he, and has no money. But what does that matter, when papa will give him plenty? I am convinced that Leonard's—well—regard for Lady Clara has increased each time they have met; and you know he is not the kind of a man to fall in love at first sight. Then it is pretty clear that she likes him. It is perfectly necessary for us to make good marriages, and in doing it Leonard is doing the very best thing for himself and for his family. I only wish, Fanny, dear," coaxingly, "that you would follow his example."

As for the subject of all this discussion, he sat moody and depressed, huddled up in a luxurious dressing-gown by his blazing fire.

His sisters were quite right in their surmises, for of late Leonard's wooing of Lady Clara Hautness had made rapid progress, and he had begun to think almost with satisfaction of this alliance, the advantages of which he was not slow to perceive.

But to-night the little shop and the shadowy, pale girl would obtrude themselves between him and thoughts of the house in Belgravia; and struggle with himself as he would, her low voice and that one look from her beautiful eyes haunted him incessantly.

His valet, a small, dark Italian, who from having travelled with Leonard for many months as courier, had been engaged as personal attendant, waited on his master most obsequiously.

He saw that something was wrong, and surmising that, since cafe noir had failed, solitude was the only remaining remedy possible, prepared noiselessly to leave the room. But Leonard called him back crossly.

"Why are you going so soon, Paolo?" he said. "Can't you see I am not well and don't want to be left alone?"

Thus admonished, Paolo returned submissively.

"I am sorry for the master," he said in perfect English. "Would he that I played to him a little?"

To this suggestion Leonard immediately assented. He was passionately fond of music, and accustomed to give himself up entirely to all the sensations it produced. And to lie back in his chair like a modern Saul, and have his dark-eyed, dark-locked David chase away his melancholy was no unusual occurrence.

And to-night it seemed that Paolo played even more beautiful than usual. Seated cross-legged on the rug at his master's feet the fire-light dancing on his swarthy face, he made a pleasing picture, and gradually the cloud rolled away from the young man's brow.

As the Italian finished the very weird air he had chosen, Leonard leaned forward with something like enthusiasm.

"By Jove!" he said, "you do play well! Why on earth don't you go on the stage, man, and make a name for yourself?"

"Some day, master; some day," said the Italian, and gazed into the fire with a far-away look in his eyes.

"What makes a fellow play so well, I wonder?" mused Leonard aloud, after a few minutes' pause. "Of course he must have the trick, to begin with; but then—It's soul, I suppose; soul and passion that carry him on—seem to carry him right away."

"Yes," said Paolo, though it seemed as if he did not hear; "it is soul—passion."

"But how do you manage it," persisted Leonard. "How do you start off? How does it come?"

"How does it come?" repeated the valet: "I do not know. One plays, and when one thinks of her, one——"

"Oh, there's a 'her' in the matter!" interrupted Leonard half mockingly. "I did not know you had a 'her,' Paolo."

"No?" replied the valet with some dignity. "But why then does the master think I leave the sunny Italy of wine and flowers——"

He broke off suddenly, but, as Leonard made no remark, continued again, though it was as if he spoke to himself.

"Ah! but where she is, one needs not wine and sun! When she looks, does not the blood fly faster, and the heart beat more warmly than by the fullest goblet? And when she smiles——"

The dark head was thrown back, the black eyes glowed like fire in the uncertain light, and a faint smile played on his lips, as though a vision of the beloved were before him.

Leonard, afraid to interrupt him remained perfectly silent; but in a few minutes the Italian started, looked about him sheepishly, and, picking him his flute, wished his master "good-night," and left the room.

Leonard poked the fire thoughtfully.

"That's love," he said; "there is no mistaking that. I don't feel that for Clara. I think I'll go and see Celine by daylight."

And he turned into bed.

* * * * * * *

And he went to see Celine, and went again. And at every fresh visit the spell, which the pale, silent girl had from the very first exercised over him, seemed to strengthen and increase. He felt, and owned to himself, that in her presence he was her slave.

In her presence, for undoubtedly when alone, or if he happened to enter the dusty, little shop and Celine was not there, the incongruity, and, indeed, almost indiscreetness of the situation would strike him forcibly.

Yet he was always sure of a welcome. True, Celine, whom he had learned to seek and find in the cosy, little parlor at the back of the shop, seemed to the infatuated young man to be immovably cold. But her father, sitting in his accustomed chair in the shop corner, busy over some work of elaborate china-mending or retouching, would always look up as Leonard hastily crossed the shop, with a kindly smile and some cheerful remark.

He was a strange, little man, with a square-shaped head, covered with short, thick, white hair, a smooth-shaven face, and a pair of keen eyes. He, it was, who had first introduced Leonard to the back parlor, and he, it was, who had first commanded his daugter to "play to the gentleman."

From him, too Leonard gleaned all the particulars worthy of note of the life of Celine.

The old man, only too glad of a listener, poured into Leonard's willing ear how, "his girl" had just come back from Paris, where she had met all sorts of "fine people," and where she had spent three years in the study of the violin.

"She'll be a professional," said the proud father, "and will make her mark, too, or I'm very much mistaken."

And as Leonard sat in the chair of honor and Celine, silently obedient to his command, would take up her violin, he felt within himself the old man was not far wrong.

How lovely the girl looked as she stood in a dark corner of the room, whither she always retired when she played to him. And as, gradually forgetting the presence of a listener, she became absorbed in her music, Leonard knew that here indeed was the making of a great artiste.

These visits to the curiosity shop had been going on all winter; no one, however, but Paolo even suspected them. Leonard soon found that it was more politic, as well as necessary for his own comfort, to have a confidant; and who was so fitting as the faithful valet?

Many a bouquet of choice hot-house flowers would the trusty Italian bear to his master's lady-love, when the master was prevented by some imperative home-call from keeping an engagement. Paolo had never a message to bring in return, but if he could even say: "She did not speak, but she smiled," Leonard would feel fully content.

At other times, when after a visit to Lady Clara he seemed to realize more keenly the poverty and sordidness of Celine's home, Paolo again would be the recipient of his master's woes. He would not say much, but Leonard sometimes fancied that a certain scorn would flash from the servant's eyes. And on one occasion, when both were sitting over the fire together, Paolo had turned sharply round upon him with:

"But she will not be there much longer."

This speech, abrupt and unexpected as it was, had given Leonard's thoughts a totally new direction. Since then, when sitting alone with Celine, he had felt that he could brave anything—his father's wrath his sisters' scorn, the world's ignominy, to possess this beautiful iceberg, to thaw her with his love.

On this particular February evening Jack Frost was busy spreading a delicate mist over the great city, so that no one of its millions might catch him doing his night's work.

As Leonard approached the curiosity-shop he fancied he heard "Old Ben," for so Celine's father was always called, in loud and angry conversation; but on opening the door, he found him, as usual, alone.

"Good evening, sir. Yes," in answer to Leonard's interrogative motion, "she's in there right enough. But you look here, sir. Don't mind me speaking a bit plain. I know you mean fair and honorable to my daughter, and so I wish you good luck. But she's got her head full of poetry and nonsence. You try that line with her and see how it will work."

Leonard pushed past the eager speaker. What did he want with advice? To him the cold shyness of Celine's manner was infinitely more attractive than the kindest smiles, especially when contrasted with Lady Clara's ever-ready affability. The lines of the sonnet were ringing in his head:

"Do I not see that fairest images
Of hardest marble are of purpose made?"

and again:

"Only my pains will be the more to get her;
But having her, my joy will be the greater."

And to-night this beautiful statue blushed, perceptibly blushed, as he came in at the door.

He had never seen her blush before, and he could not cease to marvel, for some time after the color had died away, at the delicacy of the rose-flush that came up over the creamy throat and spread to the straight low forehead. Then she was kind to him, too; she gave him her hand, and played to him his favorite air.

Just at parting, as he bent over her to say "Good-bye," she looked up at him with one of those rare, full glances.

"Why do you come here so often?" she said in her sweet voice. "I don't think you ought to—it's not the right kind of place for you."

She had never said so many words to him of her own accord before; and in spite of their import, Leonard felt wildly exhilarated by them. Did she know, then, why he came—had she not guessed?

He snatched at both her hands, and grasped them almost cruelly in his own, said hoarsely, quite carried out of himself: "I come because I love you, Celine—because I love, love, love you."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Crawford had given a great dance. For days before, the whole house had been in commotion, and her quiet-loving husband had been forced to seek even his meals out of doors.

It was not altogether for the amusement of her daughters that the good lady had been persuaded to undertake so much fatigue and trouble. Miss Crawford had sometime before had a serious consultation with her mother, in which both had decided that evidently "some little event" was wanted to screw Leonard up to the proper point for proposing for the hand of Lady Clara Hautness.

And what so propitious for such a thing as a dance, and one given at his own house, where he could have everything his own way?

The ladies could not but exchange congratulatory smiles and glances when they saw Leonard lead out the desired partner for dance after dance; and there was an excitement in his manner, a flush on his cheek, and a sparkle in his eye, which although not uncommon of late, had never before been so noticeable.

"They were sitting together in the greenhouse; I think he must be doing it now," Miss Crawford whispered to her mother in passing.

And when at last all the guests were gone, and the family sat exhausted round the ruined supper-table, it was no wonder that Mrs. Crawford tapped her son playfully with her fan, and enquired if she were not to "wish him joy?"

Leonard flushed: and when Fanny suggested how delightful it would be to talk about "my sister-in-law, Lady Clara, you know," he rose abruptly, with something like an oath, and hastily left the room.

Safe in his own quarters he sank into a chair, and letting his head fall into his hands, remained silent for many minutes.

Paolo, who stood beside him, pale as death and literally trembling with excitement, was the first to speak.

"And what has the master done?" he enquired, breathlessly. "What is arranged?"

"Everything," said Leonard, lifting his head with an excited laugh. "Everything! And to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow."

His voice dropped away and he seemed sunk in reverie.

"Poor Lady Clara!" he said at last. "She asked me to dine with them to-morrow! Why to-morrow? To-morrow night I shall be tossing on the ocean; and," in an enraptured whisper, "with Celine. But come, Paolo; there is a great deal to be arranged, and a great deal for you to do. See here," he drew from his breast a pocket-book, "here I have our tickets. I have taken your advice—two saloon tickets for New York.

"You will pack all you think necessary for the voyage in my small overland, and I shall send you on by an earlier train to-morrow morning to Liverpool to take on the luggage and get everything nice and necessary on board. You understand; I give you carte blanche.

"Here," handing him the pocket-book, "are our tickets and a good deal of money, about $1000, the remains of my allowance. You will use what you want and give me back the book when you meet—us," very gently, "in Liverpool. And here," handing him a cheque, "is enough to keep you out of place for three months, so that I may have the chance of re-engaging you at the end of that time—if things go well. For you've been a good servant to me; more of a friend than a servant. Don't Paolo, don't!" for Paolo was down on his knees by his master's side, sobbing like a child, and kissing the very hem of his coat.

"See, Paolo," Leonard continued, when he had somewhat pacified him: "I have made out a paper of our trains. You will get to Liverpool about mid-day—and we," again that slight hesitation and tenderness of tone—"shall not arrive till six. But as the steamer does not leave the docks till half past seven we shall have plenty of time. Now I think you understand all, so you can go—and I must write this letter. I suppose I must write a letter of explanation to my father, though it's horribly hard to do. Well, what is it?" as the valet still lingered.

"You will not tell me—you do not like to say," murmured Paolo. "But the young lady—how did she consent?"

"I scarcely know," said Leonard, "I don't think she said anything; but then," with a dreamy joyousness, "she let me say what I would! And her father came in and I told him all my plans, and he was pleased. Of course he was pleased, the cunning old coy. He turned to Celine and said:

"'Well, my girl, how shall it be?'

"And she—she looked straight at him with those wonderful eyes and said:

"'Father, it shall be just as he says.'

"Then I would have caught her and kissed her, I was so mad with joy. But she pushed me back and turned her eyes on me with a look I have never seen in them before, and said, oh so earnestly:

"'Thank you. And forgive me—forgive me everything.'

"Before I knew what she was doing she had taken my hand and kissed it. Then she was gone." And Leonard sat and gazed at the hand with a kind of reverence.

He seemed quite unconscious of any listener to this strange narration, for at its conclusion, when Paolo drew a long breath and murmured something, he started and exclaimed angrily:

"What! Are you still here? Why don't you go and attend to my things?"

And the valet hastened away.

* * * * * * *

Leonard was pacing with restless footsteps the platform of a deserted station.

For greater safety, he had agreed to meet Celine at —— Junction, the first halting place of the last train to Liverpool, which she would take at Euston.

This had necessitated his coming down several hours earlier in the day, and he had had time, now that the train was due, to work himself into a perfect fever of excitement and delight.

It seemed almost incredible; but when the great puffing engine should loom in sight he would know that his darling was there. A few more minutes, and he would be beside her, with her, and that for always.

Would she be cold? Would she be silent? Or would she look at him with the soft, sweet smile he loved to fancy? Even at this moment of intense suspense he almost laughed at himself for such trepedition. Why should she be cold any longer? Had he not done everything for her that man could do?

Had he not given her his love? Would he not give her his name? Was he not lifting her far out of that sphere which, to such a girl as Celine, must be so unbearable?

Leonard was not a man insensible of his advantages. Good looks, youth, health, unlimited money—what could any girl want more? Was he not thought a desirable match even for an Earl's daughter?

But hark! a distant whistle growing louder and harsher as it came near. The engine rushed into sight. Every turn of the pistons was bringing her nearer.

The train dashed noisily alongside of the now crowded platform, and Leonard hurried to a first-class car. He thrust his head in at each window, but Celine was not. He hastened along the second-class cars, but still no Celine. A fevered search showed him that these were almost empty. He ran along the third class, but they contained some quite poor people, who from the amount and variety of their packages, were evidently about to emigrate.

"Now, sir, are you ready?" cried the conductor, as Leonard returned from a second fruitless inspection of the first-class cars. "No, sir; I didn't notice no young lady getting in at Euston—pheugh, we're off!" and in a few moments the train was out of sight.

It was most provoking. Celine had missed her train. He cursed the prudence which had left her to perform this part of her journey alone. But what was to be done now? How should he meet her and how could he communicate with her?

At this moment of perplexity a young porter stepped forward and handed Leonard a letter. He tore it open with a beating heart and read.

"Forgive, oh, forgive! We have loved each other for so long a time! Her father would not consent. Your money and your plans have cleared the way, and we have an engagement to play in the same orchestra in—America.

"Your devoted and eternally grateful,

"PAOLO."

For several minutes after reading this extraordinary epistle Leonard remained perfectly stupefied, rooted to the ground. When he had grasped its full meaning his first impulse was for pursuit and vengeance to tear Celine from Paolo, to hurl Paolo into a shameful prison.

But after a hurried examination of the time table, he found this plan quite unfeasible. The next train for Liverpool from —— Junction did not reach its destination till 9.45 and the steamer left the Docks at 7.30.

For a moment he thought of telegraphing. But his common sense and angry, wounded pride, both rebelled against such a proceeding.

Even should he succeed in stopping the runaway coupie, how should he confront them, and what dignified words could he find with which to upbraid them? It was useless to rage and fume. He summoned the porter, and angrily demanded of him why he had not delivered the letter sooner.

"Because I was paid not to," answered the lad bluntly, and disappeared before Leonard had time to wreak any part of his vengeance on him.

Again and again did Leonard read the few scribbled words, but their meaning was unmistakable. Clearly, also, he was not the only one who had been thus duped. Celine's father was, even at the present moment, under the delusion that his daughter had gone off with a gentleman.

What deceit, what vile hypocrisy! He struck the hand that seemed to burn still with the kiss she had pressed upon it. And with the kiss she had pressed upon it. And he to have been fooled, tricked, by this girl! he to have been made her dupe, her tool!

His regret at her loss speedily gave way to this scornful anger as he recognized the full extent of his wrongs. How they must both have laughed at him behind his back, both have laughed at him behind his back, his good servant and his lovely lady! "His plans"—yes, that meant his money, his berths.

That he himself, his money and his very passion should have been thus used by the unscrupulous pair for the carrying out of their designs! It was insupportable.

But what a mercy that his letter to his father was still unposted! He drew it from his pocket and tore it into a thousand fragments. And Lady Clara?—Her invitation for dinner. Was he even now too late?

Another hurried inspection of the time-table. Ah, no! At least everything was not up with him.

* * * * * *

"Father," said Leonard, late that night as he sat smoking and sipping in Mr Crawford's private room: "I've arranged a marriage with Lady Clara Hautness."

"Have you, my boy?" was the undisturbed answer. "That seems very right."

"Yes, and that scamp Paolo has made off with my quarter's allowance."

"Indeed! Well, there's plenty more where that came from," said the philosophic old gentleman.

And Leonard wondered whether even the announcement of his elopement with Celine would have roused his father from that lethargic calm.

An Empty House.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

"IT IS a strange story that you tell me," said the doctor.

"But you cannot believe that it is entirely the outcome of a highly sensitive imagination?" I replied.

"By no means; I hold strong views upon the science of thought-wave; the extraordinary phenomena with which we are daily confronted must convince us that the scientific world has much yet to investigate where the mind is the subject of so-called anomaly. To-day we assign such matter as we have no cognisance of to one of two alternatives—that is, either to superstition or pure invention; in short, such an assignment is a tacit acknowledgment of our ignorance."

"I confess to a sympathy with your opinions; I remain open to conviction, but I shall continue to believe that it was my brother's voice I heard in the church of St. Jacques. If it were an idle supposition why should I have known incessant care since that evening? In walking I have seemed to hear his footsteps behind me; in sleeping I have known no rest, for in my dreams there has come that agonizing cry that I heard above the swell of the choir and the strains of the hymn to the Host. I cannot shake it from me; it is an indefinite something—a longing to see one face, to grasp one hand, and yet they tell me it is superstition. Bah! can superstition wear a man to the grave as this is wearing me?"

"We shall see, for there is the light of the Nore; in eight hours you will be at London Bridge. Has your brother written to you recently?"

"Ah! no. Did I not tell you that we separated in anger? Such is the strength of what they call brotherhood before the passion of love. For thirty years did he and I live one life—the same hopes the same ambitions, the same home guarded us. Were he ill, I was at his side; were he in doubt or despair, mine was the ear into which he laid bare his heart as a child to the mother, as a woman to the man she loves. But what valued it?

"We saw the face of a young girl; it was as a curse in our home. Heaven knows I would have given her up, but that would not do, for he had seen that I loved her, and worse—that she willed to return my affection. Thus I left him, and now, after seven years, when every moment I would have laid down my life to clasp his hand, once more I hear his voice—not dulled nor faint, but clear and strong as the command of the great Unknown; and it bids me to be to him again a brother. Am I wrong to hurry to him by night and day? Tell me, may not his life depend upon it?"

"I have heard of such things in fiction, I must admit; it is certainly more than strange. I shall await the solution of it with the greatest of curiosity."

"And I on my part cannot fail to express my gratitude to you. I, who am unknown to you, have no right to say, 'Come with me.' If you offer spontaneously to stand by me in what I feel is to be a great trial, then you act in the capacity of a true friend—alas! that they are so rare. See, I have been at a University where boys flocked to my table because the dinners were good I have rowed and captained their boats and led their debates. Then, in after years I have been popular at their meets, well received at their regattas, complimented at the musical meetings; and now I return to the country of my birth, is there one who will welcome my coming? Will any rejoice to see me? None, I tell you, save my brother, and may not he be dead? Oh, if he were!"

"Do not take a pessimistic view of the case. Remember, above all, that your fears are a mere supposition, and every supposition implies doubt. It is well within the bounds of probability that your brother will be in the best of health and spirits, and that time will have cast to the winds every shred of bitter recollection of the past. Look we are passing the Light Ship, and in a few minutes will be well within the river. I confess that the rays of light upon the water are exceedingly picturesque. Say what we will, night is the time for romance."

"This romance, which is the licence of authors, the scoff of those who would appear deep, is it not often akin to truth? Have you never felt, on returning from a voyage, or at the outset of a dangerous expedition, a strange sense of impending evil? Is not that feeling heightened after sunset? Why should darkness awe us? Is it that then our perception of fear is intensified? I am romantic now, for as I live I could swear that my brother's face is there in that photosphere of light that the river reflects, and worse—it is pale as death!"

"Come," said the doctor, "this must be stopped. I will order a cigar and some brandy. Let us have a hand at cards."

We descended to the cabin, Doctor Bretza and myself. He had been a good friend of mine since the day that I met him in Rubens' house in the Cathedral City. Being a wandering Englishman like myself, we had found the time the lighter from our mutual companionship, amongst the thousand and one beauties of the land of dykes and drains; in the mornings we strolled when the market-place was alive with the gay throng of brightly-dressed peasants, and the sunlight streamed from the red gabled roofs on to the canvas stalls below, and the church towers silhouetted against the cobalt sky, and the wooden shoes clanked upon the tiles.

It was delightfully fresh and quaint here, the old world life peeping everywhere from its modern frame, the fruit lying in all the beauty of its perfect bloom upon the stalls, and the flowers as though growing in their heaps as they were piled.

Then the cassocked priest would pass, and still the people possessed sufficient reverence to notice him, and with it all the sluggish river moved slowly by the quays and the docks, as if perpetually to remind us that home was not so distant after all. And yet to me that home was like a memory of the past.

Mine has been a strange life, if you will; all its happiness resting upon a great attachment for him whom I had called brother. And yet it was enough for me, and while it had been so none had called the world more sweet, none had blamed less the burden of existence.

We should have had more ambition, many said; we should have fought in the great battle from which our wealth excused us, and yet we would not have exchanged one iota of it for any place or position that our talents or our money could have secured us.

What country seat could have possessed the charm of the Hall, where the old library walls were garnished with the works that he and I loved and our father and mother had read before us, and the old horses and the old dogs, and the great avenues of cedars where the wind whistled in winter, and in summer the canopy of leaves softened the heat of the glorious noon? Like a sweet dream it had been, and, as from a sweet dream, bitter had been the awakening. Some evil spirit must have tempted us to the county ball where first we saw Gertrude. I did not know that he would love her; how should I?

He was so calm, and the light of his great grey eyes never betrayed the depth of the passion which had been kindled within him. But I loved her, and when the autumn came, and the brown leaf fell, and the rose commenced to wither, I told her the old story down where the poplars guarded the river.

Was it destiny that he should overhear us? It must have been; but his anger was fearful to see, and when he had cursed me where I stood, he left me with Gertrude clinging and sobbing on my shoulder.

A sad comforter was I then, for I feared my brother and the awful passion which had been raised within him. Seeing her home, I sought my own; ah! misery to say so, mine no longer. He met me at the door.

"Brother," I said, "what have I done?"

"You have taken my life," he replied and he was very calm then. "Henceforth, our lives must be apart. You, of all men, to step between us. Listen, you cannot understand. Forty years have I passed through and women have had no charm for me. I have been content to believe that such a thing as men call love was a myth, a development of sentiment, a self-wrought work of the imagination. And then a new existence opened to me; I saw a vision of a new state, rendered doubly happy by your love and by hers; and then—you know the rest—I have no right to interfere. I ask your pardon for the words I said just now; but you must leave me—henceforth I live alone. Merciful Heaven! is there another heart so lonely as my own?"

And he sank against the door, with a great sobbing as only came of a strong man's grief.

I said nothing, for my resolution had been taken. I would leave him; perhaps she would love him if time could efface her first affection for me. It was a trial—such a trial that even now, when seven years have been written upon the roll of time, the anguish comes to me often in my sleep; often when I would seek pleasure her image is in my heart, her lips seek mine, her eyes again look upon me as I saw them look by the poplar trees in the olden days.

But I knew that he loved her, and willingly I gave my life for his.

The sacrifice was in vain, for three weeks ago I heard that she was dead; that her body had been laid to rest in the village church of St. Mary. I learnt it after I had heard his voice calling to me in the church of St. Jacques.

It was the benediction upon St. Bartholomew's Day, and Doctor Bretza and myself had strolled in to listen to the glorious music, and to feel again that wonderful inspiration and awe so coexistent in this building rendered beautiful by the wonderful treasure of art from the great master.

And then as the incense floated above the altars, and the strains as of a choir of Heaven were carried high above the arches that voice I had known so well in the long ago came to me, as if speaking from afar off, and saying, "Brother come to me!" I tried to think it was fancy, an hallucination of the brain, a foolish straying of the mind but imperatively it demanded a hearing. With the Salutaris Hostia, with the Litany and the swelling grandeur of the great act of adoration was the same voice—now soft and pleading, now gentle, as the whispering voices of one dying—"Brother, come to me!"

I left the church stupefied. Who should I tell? Doctor Bretza was my only friend, yet to him I had never unfolded the sad tale of my life. But he was very kind, and in the evening, as we watched the moon paling the old gables, and gilding with a soft gold the river, I gave him the whole of my fears and fancies.

I do not think that he doubted, and yet he was a man of what people call sound common-sense. Why should he have scoffed? Can those that love so dearly have no power to bring to them those they value as their lives—why not?

I am not a spiritualist; I confess I cannot solve the question; but is a negative necessarily implied? He advised me to return to England at once; there was a steamer every day; and, moreover, he was good enough to offer to come to the old country with me.

Most gratefully did I accept his offer, and by noon next day we had embarked, and the spires and domes of Antwerp rapidly disappeared as we passed the flat banks of the Scheldt. The very dulness of the scenery but strengthened the timidity of my mind.

Is there a less picturesque river than that which leads to the city of Rubens? I can scarce imagine one. The boat was due at London Bridge by six o'clock on the following morning; thus I should have time to arrive at Salisbury by the afternoon and at the Hall by the dinner hour.

Would he be glad to see me? Would he be ill? Worse still, would he be dead? I did not retire to rest that night, but paced the deck incessantly. We passed Southend, but the lights were few and the town was sleeping; so to Gravesend, and shortly after it dawned, and a weird, cold light settled upon the low-lying land.

From the west a storm threatened, and the clouds commenced to pile one upon the other. I was shivering with the cold when the doctor tapped me with his finger on the shoulder.

"Come below," said he; "you will otherwise be too ill to greet your brother when you see him."

"When I see him!" I replied, and I pointed with my hand to the great mass of clouds. "Do you believe in omens? Is not that an evil one?

"Come you are getting foolish; such nonsense as that is worthy of a child."

I followed my protector, for so I now regarded the doctor, and remained within the cabin until six o'clock. We stopped once upon our way to allow the cattle to go to their slaughter, and then we arrived at St Katherine's Wharf, and witnessed the first awakening of the hum of the life of the great city.

I cared naught for it then, for my desires were ever in the village that lay beyond the edge of the plain; my home, was it to be, or should I again go into the world friendless as a wanderer whose heart was broken?

The southern lines are painful for a traveler who would quickly reach his destination, and that day I became exasperated with them, as the lovely hills and the gorse-bedecked commons of Surrey passed by so slowly.

I looked at my companion; he was becoming pale and agitated; he evidently shared my anxiety. Did he believe me now? A couple of hours would give him or me the victory.

It was sunset when the Cathedral City came in view. I knew every corner of it; the old market-place, the Red Lion, the vicarage; how many times had I not wandered there in my boyhood, the terror of the good priest and all law-abiding citizens? As we came from the station the great bell in the needle-spire rang seven.

"We shall be late," said the doctor. "How do we reach our destination from here?"

"Let us go to the Red Lion," I replied. "We can secure a dog-cart; we will drive."

The courteous host was very willing to lend me his dog-cart; he remembered me well, and as he reminded me of a thousand-and-one forgotten incidents of the time that had been, I took opportunity of asking him if he had heard of my brother.

"I have not seen him these three days, sir."

"Not for three days?"

"No; it was Monday last that he drove here with the old grey mare, and saw Mr. Bartley up at the office, and he hasn't been over since."

"Great heavens!" I gasped; "he must be ill."

"Oh, let us hope for the best, sir; but I must say that I haven't known him miss a day coming into the city these three years."

I left him without a word, and returned to Bretza, who was a spectator of the ostler harnessing a good-looking brown cob.

"Heyday, Master William," said the latter dignitary, as he finished buckling the reins; "who'd a thought o' seeing you back? May be you'll like the old grey mare as carried you when you jumped Break End. Parson's got her now, and is a'acking her."

I did not listen to his chattering, but, seizing Bretza, drew him into a corner, and said—

"He has not been seen for three days—for three days, I tell you! It was just that time that I heard his voice—do you not remember? He must be dead!"

And as I said the words, the brick building swam around me, and I nearly fell to the ground.

"Come," said the doctor, "why take such a pessimistic view? It is just as likely that we shall be welcomed with all the hospitality that you were accustomed to."

But as he spoke I could see that he lied in his heart, for his fears were outwardly visible no less than my own.

As we passed the archway, I lashed the cob, who was fresh, into a gallop, and the peaceable passers-by verily believed us mad. We passed by the outskirts, and so by the old coach road to Anderton.

The day had broken fair, the storm of the evening having lost its strength by the sea-coast, and now the red light of the sun cast a glare upon the sky, and the foliage deepened in color to a black.

As the shadows thickened, and the standpoints lost their sharpness against the horizon, the moon stood out, betokening a fair night, for it was the season of the harvest, and everywhere along the road groups of men were strolling, singing, and reclining, for the roof of many of them was to be the sky above.

At the dip into the village of Melton, the forest clung to the roadsides, and the path became dark and dangerous.

"Had you not better check the horse?" said the doctor.

"No, no!" I answered; "let us risk every danger to be in time."

So we galloped down the hill, the doctor pale with fear. But I had no sense of peril then, for I had long since made up my mind that my brother's life depended upon my reaching him that night, and my safety was nothing as compared with that: unfortunately for the doctor, may be, but my terror excluded him from my thoughts, and so we drove as if to a fire, to the manifest astonishment of the cottagers, who would come to their doorways to see us pass, and retire, believing us mad. We rounded the curve of the Waggon and Horses, and then I clutched the doctor's arm.

"See," I said; "there is St. Mary's, where she is buried; we are only three minutes from the house now. Look! that is Doctor May's, the rector's, and there is the fish-pond; how the moon shines upon it! The house is up on the hill, and we shall see it in a minute."

"As picturesque a spot as ever I would wish to see," replied my companion, who had lighted a cigar. "Now, where is your home?"

"Just round by those oaks; if you lean forward you will see the wall of the kitchen garden; yes, there it is, and now we are home. But, great Heaven! there is not a light in the house!"

The dog-cart was drawn up at the door; we walked to it and rang; the bell pealed through the house with a strange echoing, but it was unanswered.

The doctor meanwhile had walked to the drawing-room window; he now returned, and said—

"My friend, the house is uninhabited, there is no furniture in the rooms. Is it not strange?"

"Strange? No; for the voice that told me three days ago to go to him now tells me he is dead."

And I leant against the door where I had seen him last and wept like a child.

"Come, come," said the doctor; "there is yet hope."

"Hope!" I said; "when he has left this our home, you can tell me there is yet hope! I refuse to believe you. Did he love it less than I? Could he ever go from it willingly and alive? Oh, my brother! my poor brother!"

"At any rate, let us enter the village and make some inquiries. Cannot we go to the vicarage?"

"Yes, let us go—anywhere away from here."

We succeeded in awakening the vicar, who rejoiced to see us back.

"My dear old friend," said he, "come in, come in. The girls will be glad to see you. It is, indeed, a pleasant surprise."

I stopped him with a regret that I could not remain with him.

"I am here," I said, "to ask you of my brother."

"Do you not know! He has left us three weeks ago; your old house is to let. I took care of the keys for him."

"Did he leave no message?"

"None. I quite concluded he had gone on a voyage, for he has become a recluse lately."

"Will you kindly give me the keys, and could I borrow a lantern? There must be, at least some relic by which I can trace him."

"I am afraid not, for all the furniture was sold. However, I will fetch the keys, and John shall bring you a lantern."

Having secured these and thanked the doctor, we passed again down the lane to my house. The moon had now risen in all her splendor, and the house stood out sharply as does a palace of marble in the soft light at Venice. On the window panes the reflection was bright, and for the moment I thought that a light was within one chamber, but it was a mere delusion of my mind. We opened the front door, and entered the hall. It was very dark; the doctor came closer to my side, and I could see that he was nervous. We examined the rooms upon the ground floor; they were absolutely bare, and the pale yellow light streamed upon the oaken floors.

"Let us go to the bedrooms," said I. "His own first."

Now we had ascended the great staircase, which was in pitch darkness save for the feeble light of our lantern, and had reached the upper landing, when I could have sworn that I heard the front door close softly.

The doctor heard it too, for he started violently, jerking the lantern against the balustrade and extinguishing it. We both drew back and listened intently; I could but hear however, the beating of my own heart.

"Let us go," said the doctor, hurriedly.

"With pleasure; but I must have one glance at his room; here it is."

We entered; it was as empty as the others.

"Come to the window," said I, "and see the beauty of the harvest as only it can be seen by the light of the moon."

He came unwillingly, and stood for a moment at my side. The grandeur of the scene was most impressing; the yellow corn against the golden rays that fell upon it; the trout away in the hollow; beyond it all the great bank of low-lying hills that stood out so clearly now in the even-tide.

I had dropped into a meditation, when the doctor suddenly started with a cry upon his lips; turning half behind me, I shuddered, for, as I lived, there was the shadow of a man upon the wall.

Another instant and the door closed, and soft steps rapidly descended the staircase without.

I was the first to seek the door for the doctor was half dead with fear. The staircase was in utter darkness, but I could distinctly hear a noise in the hall below, and, further, the sound of a human voice, indistinct and muttering words I could not understand.

"Come," I said to the doctor; "it may be only a tramp who has found the door open. There is nothing to fear, let us go down."

"Of course, I am foolish; but I was very much startled for the moment."

Then we descended, and as we did so and faced the front door it suddenly opened, and a figure passed to the gravel-walk beyond.

"Let us follow," said Bretza.

At the bottom of the garden, where the moon, free from the tree shade, cast a deep reflection, the man for the first time looked behind him.

As he did so, I stopped, as if held by a supreme effort of supernatural power, for full in the light of the bright rays stood Anthony, my brother—pale as death, with a bright gleam in his eyes; how different from the brother I had known and left seven years ago!

"See," I said to Bretza; "at least he is there, and in that condition. Is not my predictions true? He is dying."

Anthony stood for one moment in the position I had first seen him, and then, turning, passed rapidly out of the gate into the roadway beyond.

"We must secure him at any cost," said Bretza. "He is probably in a fever, and has escaped his nurses; it is a common feature of delirium."

"Yes, we will catch him at once; he has gone down the high road."

Half stupefied, as one waking from a dream, I accompanied the doctor. We saw the figure hurrying down by the side of the hedge until it came to the old stile, when it left the roadway for the open fields.

We must have come within fifty yards of it, when a thought dawned suddenly upon me—the churchyard of St. Mary was the destination.

"See again," I said to the doctor; "was not the voice a true one?"

He did not answer me, for Anthony was by this time within the walls that surrounded the graveyard. We soon came there and entered the cemetery; he was no more to be seen.

We wandered everywhere amongst the old white stones, some fresh with the tokens of love for the dead; some black, as if to say that none were left to remember those below.

It was the third time of our going round that a moan drew us from the pathway to a group of cedars upon a grass mound. Within the shelter of the leaves was a new stone, almost buried beneath a wreath of carnations, white roses, and violets, and lying there, his hand clasped upon a basket of flowers, lay Anthony.

Bretza leant over him for a moment; then, turning to me, he said—

"My dear friend, your brother is dead?"

It was the grave of Gertrude.

It is related that Queen Victoria had occasion to sign a document in Manchester some years ago. She wrote her usual "Victoria R." This was followed by her daughter's simple signature—also asked for—"Beatrice;" and then the wife of the Mayor was called to sign the paper. Not to be outdone by any royalties, she neatly wrote "Mary."

Such is the charity of some, that they never owe any man any ill-will, making present payment thereof.

Nothing so haughty and assuming as ignorance, where self-conceit bids it set up for infallible.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An old woman who occupied a shop in Greenock, Scotland, recently became so enfeebled that she was persuaded by a missionary who visited her to go to the hospital. Before being removed she insisted on a tin box, which was underneath her bed, being taken with her. When the woman had been removed to the hospital she stated that in the room she had just left there was a bag containing $225 in notes, and she asked that it should be brought to her. The missionary procured the services of a legal gentleman, and searched the room. A bag was found, but it contained only $45 and some bonds and securities. The remainder had, it is supposed, been abstracted. The tin box was afterwards opened, and was found to be full of gold coins, tied up in stockings. In one stocking alone there was found $3000. The total amount discovered is said to be $11,500.

The reigning houses of Europe number 408 male members. The largest number belong to the House of Holstein, which has 53, who may be divided into the following branches: Russia, 25; Denmark, 13; Augustenburg, 4; and Oldenburg, 7. The House of Wettin has 50 members, who are divided thus: Weimar, 11; Meiningen, 4; Altenburg, 4; Saxony, 6; Coburg, 9; England, 8; Belgium, 4; Portugal, 4. The House of Bourbon has 47 princes, 18 of whom are French, 11 belong to Sicily, 6 to Parma, and 13 to Spain. For Liupi, which contains 16,000 inhabitants, there are 35 princes. The House of Hapsburg-Lorraine has 33 archdukes; the House of Wittelsbach, 23 princes; Hohenzollern, 20 princes; and the Houses of Reuss and Lichtenstein, together, 20 princes. Then comes House with ten princes; Mecklenburg, 13; Waldeck, 12; Savoy, 9; Wurtemberg, 9; Bernadotte, 7; Baden, 6; Schwarzburg, 5; Anhalt, 4; Braganza, 4; Guelph, 4; Montenegro, 3; Orange, 43; and, lastly, Servia, with 2 princes.

According to recent interviews with hotel stewards at New York, the highly seasoned cookery of the great restaurants is experiencing a reaction from the domination of French chefs. As one hotel manager recently remarked, not for publication: "There are a number of new things in hotel life, but one thing, and a thing that hotel men endeavor to keep quiet, is the fact that women cooks have of late taken the place of chefs at some of the big houses." It occurred to some sensible person, a hotel manager, that roasts upon the American plan, not garnished and loaded with French fripperies, were not only edible but good. He utilized this astonishing discovery by discharging two French chefs whose wages amounted to $7000, and sent to Baltimore for the best cook of the clubs. It was a colored woman, and he pays her $3500 a year, and "the table is now better than it has ever been." Two other large hotels are said to employ women as their chief cooks.

There was an exceptionally elegant dinner party in London recently. The table-cloth was of white satin edged with lace, and across the centre, forming an X, were blue plush scarfs with fringe of gold. Four silver stands with branches on all sides, which, however, were not symbolical of family trees or genealogy, held fruits and corpulent candles on which were colored silk shades. The china, glass and silver ware was exquisite, possibly remnants of Eugenie's pantry, and at each plate was a "favor" that came from one of the most noted silversmiths and jewelers. There was music by an orchestra, concealed, as usual, behind a screen of expensive flowers, and when the finger bowls came they were of hammered silver, filled with perfume on which floated—of all flowers—violets. Subsequently a "hired woman" read poetry, when the company had adjourned to the drawing rooms, and large bouquets of cut flowers were brought for the ladies to carry home with them. "It cost a thousand dollars if it cost a cent," said a man of calculating turn of mind who was present. "Yes," said another, "and eclipsed the fellow with a bagpipe, too." But, after all, what has it all to do with the advanced price of coal?

Since the recent experiments in hypnotism of Charcot, the eminent Parisian neurologist, have been made public, a wide spread interest in the phenomena has been excited both in Europe and America. Hypnotic clubs have been formed in the various large cities, and professional hypnotists have reaped golden harvests from this hitherto ungarnered field. Mankind is prone to weakness, and the desire to shift physical and mental ailments from one's self to some unsuspecting friend is inborn in the race. The peculiar ease with which this is accomplished by hypnotism probably is the main reason for the astonishing popularity of this method of treatment. Hypnotism, it may be said, is the process of curing a person afflicted with any species of nervous disease by transmitting from him to some second person his ailment, while both he and his victim, if this term may be applied, are hypnotized—or put into that condition of mind where their wills are benumbed to such an extent that voluntary thought is a temporary impossibility. After the recital is once rehearsed, the diseased condition which he has by this means got rid of, is again transmitted to a third person. From him it is presented to a fourth, until, in the course of time and by means of still additional transmissions, it loses its virulence altogether, and none of the temporary patients are any the worse off.

Our Young Folks.

TIB THE TARTAR.

BY L. WAIN.

TIB QUILL'S mother was a grand old tabby. Her position in life did not approach to affluence, still she was beautiful, and she knew it too.

Her youngest barn was a black and white Tom, some three months old, and "just beginning to grow intelligent," as the fond mother frequently told her neighbors.

He was turning out badly, however. He had no control over his tail.

"I'll cut it off and send you into Manxland," threatened his mother over and over again to no purpose. Then his ears were all awry.

Then, again, he was always winking at a body. This, of course, was very ungentlemanly, and when he took to putting his tongue out he was a perfect disgrace. Every one told him so. The more one talked, however, the more he winked and twisted his tail.

People complained that he was always frightening their children, and at least one kitten was known to have followed his bad example, and stood on its head.

A committee of matrons was formed to advise his mother as to his future. They sat around the fire and began to knit. Mrs. Quill was impressed.

Madam Phyllis spoke first. She had heard of some dreadful behavior on his part, she said, at Madam Miff's party. It was whispered that he had winked at all the elderly ladies, and kissed all the younger ones; that he had scratched all the young gentlemen, and stuffed one of the babies into Herr Blower's trumpet, so that he could not get a sound out of the instrument till he had blown the kitten right out of it.

All this was scandalous, and Mrs. Quill was wise in seeking to put a stop to it.

Mrs. Quill then told the tale of her troubles with much sighing and tears, even to Tib's last scrape, when he put the milk-cans under the town pump, and made the milk so watery that all the babies in the town had to go without.

The committee pondered over the case in silence.

Then Madam Tilly said—

"Let's drown him!"

But as Madam Tilly was an old maid, and very severe on children, nobody deigned to take any notice of her, and she turned very sour, and hid her feelings behind her knitting.

"What do you say to us all making him nice nets to keep him in?" Madam Sylvia simpered.

"Tie him by the leg to the table," quoth one.

"Cage him!" another screamed.

"Physic him," vouched an old black cat, who looked as if she had been taking physic all her life, and it had done her no good.

"Send him to school," and a kindly old tabby smiled as she proposed it.

"To school—yes, to school!" echoed the council, and they broke up quite satisfied with their deliberations.

Thus it came about that poor Tib's liberty was restricted to very narrow limits, and for a time all went well in the Quill household.

Tib went to school as regular as clock-work. The neighbors were enraptured. He was stopped one afternoon on his way home.

One gave him a couple of flies, another popped some cockroaches down his throat, another stuffed him with pieces of herring till he choked with the bones.

Madam Piffy was on her doorstep next morning, and invited Tib in on his way to school. She set him to play with her babies, while she went next door to gossip.

Now Tib detested children, and baby kittens in particular. First he sang to them, but they did not appreciate good music, and only snored louder.

He pulled their tails; they answered all out of tune, so he put them all in the coal-box, and rubbing the larder of some dead mice he marched off to school.

Bang went the knocker. Out came the porter, and upstairs to the class-room rushed Tib, and holding on to the tails of the mice like a vice.

In an instant the class-room was in an uproar.

"Silence!" shouted the mistress. "Whatever can be the matter with the class?"

Now the mistress was short-sighted, and until she found her gold spectacles Tib was quite beyond her range of vision.

"Tib, do sing us a song with that lovely voice of yours," exclaimed a pink-eared dun kitten who had just been reading the fable of the fox and the cheese, in the hope that Tib would be flattered, and would follow the example of the stupid crow in the fable, and let go the mice.

A kitten grabbed one of the mice and carried it off in triumph. But at this moment the mistress took in the situation at a glance.

[illegible]

[illegible]

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GOING.

BY J. L. M.

Moving about the quiet ways,
Sitting beside the hearth,
Joining as best she can and may
In the careless household mirth;

Yet always through the haunted night,
As through the restless day,
Feeling—another hour is passed,
Of the time that flies away.

The last frail strand of the cable
Is parting, slow and sure,
That never again to the harbor side
My bonny boat will moor.

My bonny boat, that may come again,
God temper the wave and wind!
To gladden sad eyes and yearning hearts,
That now are left behind;

May come again, but not to lie
Safe by the old home shore;
The anchor of youth is almost weighed,
They will cast it never more.

And it's oh, and it's oh, for the sinking dread,
It's oh for the climbing sorrow,
As ever the cruel, creeping night
Brings on the weary morrow!

Love that is true must hush itself,
Nor pain by its useless cry,
For the young must go and the old must bear,
And time goes by, goes by.

A HOME ON WATER.

Of the population of Canton, China, some three hundred thousand have no other home than the twenty-foot long "sampan" boats that crowd all the rivers and canals that serve for some of the city streets. In these they are born, live and die.

There is not a phase of life on land which has not its counterpart on the river, and every variety of boat has its distinctive name. To begin with, there are whole fleets of market-boats each of which supplies the boating population with some one article. There are oil boats, and firewood boats, rice boats, and sugar-cane boats, boats for vegetables, and boats for the sale of flowering plants.

There are fruit boats, bean-curd boats, confectioners' boats, shrimp boats, and fish boats, boats for sundry meats and for pork in particular, boats for the sale of crockery, of salt, or of cloching. Some boats advertise their cargoes by a realistic sign hung from the mast-head, such as an earthenware jar, an oil-cask, a bundle of sugar-cane, or of firewood, that their customers may espy them from afar.

I noticed one class of boats which seemed to ply a very busy trade—namely, that of the river-barbers, who devote themselves exclusively to shaving and head scraping their floating customers. Each barber has a tiny boat in which he paddles himself about in and out among the crowd of sampans, attracting attention by ringing a little bell.

The river-doctor likewise gives warning of his whereabouts by means of a bell, so that as he goes on his way he can be called to any one needing his services.

There are floating kitchens, provided with an extensive brickwork cooking-range, where most elaborate dinners are cooked; these are served on board of floating dining-halls, euphoniously called flower boats, which are most luxuriously fitted up and highly ornamental, resplendent with a wealth of beautiful wood-carving, often brightly colored and heavily gilt, and always brilliantly illuminated.

These are hired by wealthy citizens who wish to give their friends dinner-parties, as it is not customary to do so at their own homes except on great family festivals;such dinner-parties are enlivened by the presence of richly attired singing-women. Poorer people find one end of the floating kitchen fitted up as a cheap restaurant or tea-house.

There are also floating hotels which are chiefly for the accommodation of persons arriving after the gates of the city are closed, or who merely wish to transhipfrom one vessel to another. Similar house-boats are hired by wealthy Chinamen as cool summer quarters, or for going on expeditions. For pleasure excursions there are Hong-Kong boats answering to Venetian gondolas, with large comfortable saloons adorned with much carving and gilding, but so arranged as to be able to hoist a mast and sail.

In striking contrast with these gay boats are the dull, unattractive ones which we may term floating biers, as they are used only for conveying the dead to their place of rest. For though the dwellers on the land allow the boat people no homes ashore during their lifetime, they dare not refuse the dead a restingplace in the bosom of the earth.

Far sadder than these biers for those whose weary life-struggle is ended are the leper-boats, tenanted by such of the boat folk as are afflicted with leprosy, that most terrible of diseases, and who are therefore outcasts, forced to live apart from their fellows, and only allowed to solicit alms by stretching out a long bamboo pole, from the end of which is suspended a small bag.

Then there are ecclesiastical boats; for, though each dwelling boat has its domestic altar, the public service of the gods is by no means omitted. So a large number of Taouist paiests have stationary boat-houses for themselves and their families, the chief saloon being dedicated to sundry Taouist idols.

These priests are liable at any moment to be summoned on board other boats to perform ceremonies on behalf of the sick, especially such as are supposed to be possessed of evil spirits. They also officiate in floating temples in which elaborate services are performed on behalf of the souls of drowned persons, or of such beggar spirits as have been neglected by their descendants.

During these ceremonies the floating shrine is decorated with many white and blue banners, flags and draperies, to indicate mourning. At other times the flags and decorations are of the gayest, and a band of musicians with shrill pipes and drums produce deafening sounds, all of which tell that the temple has been engaged by two families of the boat community for the solemnisation of a wedding; for in their marriage, as in all else, these people live wholly apart from those who dwell on land, and although the women are a much nicer, healthier-looking lot than those we see ashore, such a thing as intermarriage is unknown, the boat population being greatly despised.

But of all the multitudinous boats perhaps the strangest are the duck and geese boats, some of which shelter as many as two thousand birds, which are purchased wholesale at the great duck and geese farms, and reared for the market. After seeing these boats I no longer wondered at the multitude of these birds in the provision markets, where they form one of the staple foods of the people. A. C. T.

Grains of Gold.

Hurt not your conscience with any known sin.

We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time.

Prayer is the outlet of sorrow, and the inlet of support and comfort.

Never think that you can make yourself great by making another less.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

With the generality of men policy is much more powerful than principle.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others but never excuses himself.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some more by listening than by talking.

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God knows of us.

It is no diminution to have been in the wrong. Perfection is not the attribute of man.

The generous never enjoy their possessions so much as when others are made partakers of them.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

We go to the grave of a friend saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him saying, "A man is born."

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and may find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

We ought to love life; we ought to desire to live so long as God ordains it; but let us not so encase ourselves in time that we cannot break the crust and begin to throw out shoots for the other life.

Femininities.

Every girl is pretty by moonlight.

Fine teeth are a great incentive to gayety.

Paris recently reached a record of 300 divorces in one day.

It isn't artistic now to have pictures tilted out from the wall.

Suffrage should be extended to women who can market well.

A shiny complexion is obviated by a little camphor in the wash water.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.

To clean furniture: One pint linseed oil, one pint vinegar, one-half pint wine or alcohol.

A "society to assist servants to get their wages" is said by a New York journal to be one of the needs of that city.

A "Home for Drunken and Depraved Women" is a philanthropic enterprise now under consideration in St. Louis.

It is only at sea that a woman doesn't care how she looks, and as soon as she gets in sight of land she makes up for lost time.

The two ladies in the New York School Board voted against each other on the question of fining a teacher for slapping a pupil.

We notice in a newspaper some verses headed "The Seven Ages of Woman." After a woman is 30 she abolishes the other six.

Female suffrage has just been defeated in the Maine Legislature, neither branch of which gave the bill the necessary two-thirds majority.

The latest distinguished lady who thinks of becoming an actress is Ethel Chase, the daughter of ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island.

There are over 20,000,000 widows in India; 2,000,000 of them belong to castes which practice child-marriage and insist on the celibacy of their widows.

"Women seldom stop to think!" snarled a cross-grained husband. "True enough," said his wife; "but you might have added, they never fail to stop and talk."

A Newark, N. J., girl who was tripped up while dancing at a ball a couple of weeks ago, is dying from the result of the accident, by which her spine was injured.

Mrs. Cleveland probably receives the most letters of any woman in the United States, and the leader of the dress reform movement is said to have the next largest post.

Adelina Patti sang in Minneapolis, says a paper there, just 21 years ago in July. She was 15 years old then and is therefore about 'ty-six year old now. But she can sing just as well as ever.

Umbrellas, to be in English fashion, must have a "top coat" of red. These covers are very important to save the wear and tear which must come to an umbrella which is often carried.

Mamma, to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative: "Hush, Noel! Haven't I told you often that little boys should be seen and not heard?" Noel: "Yes, mamma, but you don't look at me."

A conductor on a New York street car had a complaint lodged against him by a woman to whom he gave five pennies in change. She wanted a nickel, because the pennies were inconvenient to carry.

"Yes," said Fenderson, "Miss Forte plays beautifully. I don't know anything about music myself, but I know she's a splendid player, because all the other players say her music is just horrid."

Dr. Leeds, of Lincoln, Ill., offered $5 to the Ladies' Missionary society if 20 or more young ladies would sit together two hours without speaking. The money was won by 26, in spite of efforts to make them talk.

A baby weighing but 16 ounces is reported from Utica, a town near Lexington, Ind., where it was born recently. The midget is described as being well formed and in good health, with every prospect of living.

Young wife: "I'm always saying something stupid. Mrs. Giddigad was here to-day, and when she went away she said, 'Now, I've been here three times and you haven't been to see me once; I shan't come again until you have called on me.' And I blundered out, 'Thank you? Wasn't it ridiculous?" Husband: "Not a bit of it. On the contrary, it was quite apropos."

"Say, pa," asked the pride of the household, after a moment's reflection, during which he had inadvertently declined a second help to buckwheat cakes, "if a man does what he ought to do he does his duty, don't he?" "Yes, he does, my son." "Well, suppose he don't do what he ought to do, does he do his donty?" Up to the hour of going to press the parental answer had not been given.

At Avon, Mich., recently, a resident had the remains of his wife, who died on February 8, disinterred for the purpose of having the body photographed as it laid in the coffin. Excited men and weeping women witnessed the proceeding, and those of his fellow-townsmen who do not consider him insane are in favor of tarring and feathering him for the desecration.

A Hallowell, Maine, newspaper is responsible for the story that a young lady came near smothering the other night while out sleigh-riding. She had several thicknesses of veiling over her face, and her escort, noticing that she was unusually quiet, found that her breath had frozen repeatedly on the thick veiling, thus forming a complete barrier to all air, and suffocation must have ensued if timely discovery had not been made.

All women who are in the habit of making for themselves a cup of tea are warned against the careless habit of leaving any tea in the teapot to be "warmed over," or to be taken cold at an hour much later than when it was made. The tannin which tea that has been long standing contains does a great deal of mischief. A little weak tea newly made with freshly boiled water is not hurtful, taken once or twice a day, but strong tea, or tea that has been standing is decidedly injurious.

Masculinities.

Mr. Tennyson persists in being an excessive consumer of tobacco.

A kiss given to a governess employed by him cost a man in London $25.

A millionaire citizen of Racine, Wis., never owned or carried a watch.

King John, of England, signed the great Magna Charta on June 15, 1215, at Runnymede.

Young women, said to be religious enthusiasts, now carry the blackest kind of prayer books for Lent.

King Humbert, of Italy, never dances. Queen Margaret always takes part in two or three quadrilles at court balls.

An Arab, whose name is Mussa Mustapha bin Yasep Abu Naitac Wa Heona, translates it into English as Henry Crane.

It takes the first thirty years of a man's life to find out that it isn't the man with the shiniest hat who draws the biggest check.

A youth is conscious how little his elders know until he gets to be an elder himself; then he realizes the deficiencies of youth.

He that is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

Countryman, talking to his lawyer about his first case: "You know, I am an honest man—my whole life long I have never employed a lawyer."

A man may forget home, kindred, friends and almost everything else, but he never forgets the first time he went to a barber's shop to be shaved.

"Were you ever in an engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. "Yes, one," replied the son of Mars; "but she sued me for breach of promise."

"Say," called old Mr. Crochet to the new boy, "bring me my bootjack." "My name ain't Jack," responded the boy, quickly; "an' I ain't got your boot, neither."

A writer in a scientific paper says that in experiences in Colorado and Utah he never saw an Indian with a cold. He concluded that it is our hot rooms which give us colds.

"Would you marry an old man for his money?" asked Mildred. "Well, I declare," exclaimed Laura, with a startled air, "you don't suppose anything else would induce me to marry an old man?"

"What an inveterate talker Charley is!" remarks Brown; I never saw his like." Fogg replies: "Nor I either. 'Pon my word, I believe he would even talk to his wife rather than keep his tongue still."

An Illinois paper has the following: "The funeral services of the late William P. Lewis were somewhat hurried to enable his estimable and grief-stricken widow to catch the 2 o'clock train for Chicago, where she goes to visit friends."

"I hope, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians?" "Well, ma is," replied Johnny, "an' pa used to be, but I think he is a little out of practice now, since he's gone into politics."

Liszt was performing on the piano for Rossini, on whom he was calling. "What is that?" asked Rossini. "A funeral march which I composed on the death of Meyerbeer. What do you think of it, master?" "Not bad; only it would have been much better had you died and Meyerbeer written the music."

Merchant: "Ah! how d'ye do Mr. Blank? How is your paper coming out? I read it daily. By the way, you are going to give a report of this grand assembly, I suppose?" Reporter: "No. By the way, how is your shop coming on? My book buys a good deal of you. You are here beating up custom, I suppose?"

Three different waiters at a Southern hotel asked a little, prim, precise Harvard professor, at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked: "Is it compulsory?" "No, sah," answered our friend and brother; "no, sah; I think it am mock turtle."

Mabel: "Do you try to observe the Golden Rule, Mr. Nicefellow?" Nicefellow: "Yes, indeed. Do you?" Mabel: "Yes, I always try to do as I would be done by." Nicefellow: "That is the right spirit." Mabel: "But I sometimes fail. If I were to try I should fail now." Nicefellow: "How, pray?" Mabel: "I am not tall enough to reach." No cards.

A Malay gentleman regards the use of a fork at table as dirty and disagreeable. "You do not know," he says, "into how many mouths it has been inserted. It may have been washed and scoured, but you are not certain but some lazy servant has neglected the work. On the other hand," he concluded, "I know that my fingers are clean, because I wash them myself, and I am sure they have never been in anybody's mouth but my own."

At a prominent church in this city, one evening recently Mr. J. G. Ditman, the well-known paper manufacturer, delivered a lecture on "From the Atlantic to the Pacific." Nothing could show more plainly than his remarks the folly of so many seeking for natural wonders, curiosities and objects of general interest abroad in the Old World, while there is so much that is strange, striking and wonderful in the New. Mr. Ditman in four months traveled over eleven thousand miles, chiefly in the West and Southwest, a distance greater than the entire continent of Europe. Among the numerous interesting and not generally known facts mentioned by the lecturer was the statement that in Salt Lake City the Mormons manage to retain control of public affairs by permitting their wives and female connections in general to vote at the polls. He also said that in crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains by railroad, while in the valley below it was mid-summer, at the point of crossing, two miles high, the passengers got out and amused themselves snowballing each other. Altogether the lecture abounded in entertaining and amusing incidents, the observation and skilful detailing of which go to show that, unlike perhaps any other class of business men in the world, those of America are equally at home in the counting-room or on the public platform.

Recent Book Issues.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, of this city, has issued a new edition of "Moloch; a Story of Sacrifice," by Mrs. Campbell Praed. This tale of love gives an excellent opportunity for the exhibition of the fine descriptive talents of the author, for the scenes are laid in various localities, including Australia, Singapore and Southern France. The moral conveyed is that "every crime carries in itself the seeds of its own retribution." In its present popular form the novel will, no doubt, renew its early success.

"Elements of English," an introduction to English grammar for the use of schools, by George Hodgdon Ricker, A. M. The Interstate Publishing Company, Chicago and Boston. It is concise and simple in its definitions. It omits needless technicalities, yet does not ignore the distinctions and various parts of speech. As an introduction to English grammar it is sure to command the attention of teachers. Its study will certainly be a delight to any child that is capable of being interested in the subject.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Connoisseur is an illustrated art magazine of the very highest class, published by the eminent jewelers and general dealers in objects of art, Bailey, Banks & Biddle, of this city. It is unique of its kind, and for those interested in its specialties, a finer work is not issued.

The English Illustrated Magazine for March, contains a large variety of articles on many subjects. One of the most attractive is Bertha Thomas' sketch on the "Country of George Sand," illustrated by A. D. McCormick. There is considerable fiction in the number, including the closing chapters of "Jacquetta," by the author of "John Herring;" the third part of "An Unknown Country," by the author of "John Halifax," and a liberal instalment of Farjeon's "A Secret Inheritance." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

The April number of the *Magazine of Art* opens with a well etched reproduction of Solomon J. Solomon's painting, "Cassandra," exhibited in the Royal Academy the past season. The leading article of the number is on Wotton House, one of the most picturesque old places in all picturesque old England. A paper on decorative needlework follows. A paper on the "Practical Education of the Artist," by James D. Linton, advocates home study for art students. Some famous monuments are made the subject of comment, and there is a valuable paper on some of the "Treasures of the National Gallery." There are reproductions of these treasures given. Indeed, all the articles mentioned are fully illustrated. Cassell & Co., New York.

"Douglas Duane," the new psychological romance by Edgar Fawcett, which appears complete in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for April, is most excellent. Lucy C. Lillie, under the title of "Belgravian Bohemia," gives an interesting sketch of the literary and artistic society of modern London. An anonymous author contributes a bright and amusing sketch, "My Lady's Maid." Will Carleton's "Experiences of a Public Lecturer," is an entertaining bit of autobiography. "Social Life at Princeton," by E. M. Hopkins, of the class of '88, is the first of a series of articles which are to describe the life of students at our principal colleges. The poetry is excellent. Margaret J. Preston contributes a stirring American ballad, "The Mystery of Cro-a-tan." Bessie Chandler has "A Spring Song," and Philip Bourke Marston has a posthumous poem, "My Grave," which is of unusual pathos and interest, in view of the fact that it was one of the very last things he wrote. Lippincott & Co.

The Quiver for April publishes for the first time a sermon delivered by the Rev. Wm. Jay, in Argyle Chapel, Bath, on the accession of Queen Victoria, July 9th, 1837. A portrait of Queen Victoria taken in 1837, is given. A new serial, "My Brother Basil," by the author of "The Heir of Sanford Towers," is begun in this number, and promises well. "Clubs for London Boys" is an interesting paper. A touching sketch, "Companions Still," describes the beautiful friendship of two old village dames. This story of two simple souls is followed by one of a different nature, "The History of Sabatai Sevi," the pretended Messiah in the reign of Charles the Second. "Some Curious Pulpits," describes with pen and pencil some beautiful and some quaint old pulpits of England. "Old Mr. Ladd's Temptations" is the title of a short serial begun in this number. There are short stories and poetry and a number of brightly pointed "short arrows." Cassell & Co., New York.

IF THE feet are tender or painful after long walking or standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool, rub briskly with a fresh towel.

Something New

and most important. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, can furnish you work that you can do at great profit and live at home, wherever you are located. Either sex; all ages. Asa P. Rand, Westboro, Mass., writes us that he made $60 profit in a single day. Every worker can make from $5 to $25 and upwards per day. All is new. Capital not required; you are started free. Full particulars free. Send your address at once.

Ladies and Burglars.

BY R. P.

THE display of physical courage by the lady who attempted to secure a burglar the other day should have the effect of encouraging those fainter-hearted sisters who tremble at the very mention of a housebreaker.

The lady, whose plucky action won for her the well-deserved commendation of the Wandsworth magistrates, was quietly sitting at work by the drawing-room window of her house in Lavender Hill, when she heard the window above (that of her own bedroom) suddenly thrown up.

At the same moment something fell, and the mistress of the house, springing up, saw a man limping away. Quick as thought, she rushed to her front door, and seizing the man, exclaimed—

"What have you been doing in my bedroom?"

The man denied having been there, and his fair captor put the matter to a commonsense test by inviting him into her kitchen. On his declining the invitation, she clung to him and screamed.

The burglar succeeded in freeing himself and struck three successive blows on her face and head throwing her to the ground, and running away.

But this dauntless lady was on her feet again directly, and the alarm was given. The cook, who seems to be worthy of serving under such a mistress, pursued the thief, and as he had injured his foot in falling, he was presently captured by the police; and yesterday he was sentenced to a long spell of hard labor.

It is impossible to express too strong an admiration of this brave lady. No hesitation, no hysterics, no stopping to call for help on her part gave the thief a chance of escape.

She instantly recognized that an enemy was within her gates and promptly proceeded to challenge him.

It is not surprising that the accounts of "desperate struggles with burglars" which constantly appear in the newspapers should awaken terror in the hearts of defenceless women.

"What should I do, if I awoke and found a thief in my room at night?" is a question which many who were not born to be heroines ask themselves.

"Pretend to be asleep, until he has gone out of the room, then give the alarm," some of the least courageous may answer; but perhaps it would require an unusual amount of nerve to lie still, at the mercy of the unwished-for visitant.

Very different was the course pursued by a high-spirited old lady of a generation now nearly passed away.

Living in a lone country house, with her sons, she was once, of necessity, left to spend a night without their protection. Only women servants were in the house, and the old lady's sons wished her to have one of the men to sleep under her roof. She would not accede to this proposal, but desired instead to be provided with a policeman's rattle, which she placed close at hand.

In the night the fearless dame awoke, and saw a man standing at the foot of her bed, feeling in the pocket of her dress, which was lying over a chair. Up jumped the old lady and sprang her rattle.

The thief (clearly not a hardened specimen of his class) stood still, paralyzed with terror. His delay cost him dear, for before he could effect his escape, some of the menservants arrived, and he was captured.

It certainly requires a fair amount of courage to dare the burglar openly by jumping up and facing him, but it is wiser than remaining passive in craven-spirited fashion.

It must be remembered that burglars are not inaccessible to fear, and are more likely to run when an alarm is given than to stay, at the risk of being taken, to do bodily injury to the person who surprises them. A scream, or the sudden striking of a light, has been sufficient to disconcert a thief, while the violent ringing of the room bell would quickly arouse the household.

Our modern bedsteads generally, for hygienic reasons, having as little unnecessary drapery as possible, do not afford a very safe lurking-place for a man who seeks concealment. Nevertheless, some ladies continue the practice (which always seemed to us to require a very large amount of strong-mindedness) of peeping under their beds at night. What would they do if they came face to face with some dark-visaged being?

Miss Matty's plan of rolling a ball under her bedstead, in Mrs. Gaskell's delightful "Cranford," always seemed to us a very sensible means of procedure.

If the ball arrived safely on the other side, she might rest in peace; if not, how simple to slip out of the room, thus giving the suspected visitor a chance of getting away.

This discreet conduct would not however have recommended it to the elderly lady who, looked under her bed one night, and discovering a man hidden there, cried—

"Come out, you rogue, come out! I've been looking for you these forty years!"

Perhaps housebreakers in those days did not go armed with revolvers, as they are reputed to do now.

A propos of beds, and the facilities old-fashioned bedsteads afforded of concealment, there is the story, little known, of the daughter of a Governor of the Edinburgh jail in the days when our mother were girls.

The Governor had been obliged to go away on important business, and left his young daughter as his deputy.

At night she had the keys of the jail carried up to her bedroom, and sitting before her looking-glass, she combed her beautiful golden tresses like Lorelei.

Behind her rose in stately majesty her four-posted bedstead, with its heavy curtains and darkly extending tester.

Suddenly, reflected in her glass, the girl saw the face of a man who was crouching on the canopy of the bedstead. The keys of the prison lay on the table before her.

She continued slowly to comb her hair, then quietly rose and taking up the keys, as if mechanically, went to the wash-hand stand.

"Dear me," exclaimed this intrepid maiden, "that stupid Maggie has forgotten my hot water again."

She went to her bedroom door and called once or twice to the offending Maggie, and then seemed to go in search of her. She, of course, succeeded in arousing the household, and the man, an escaped prisoner, was taken.

A ready wit and presence of mind are in such cases, in all difficult adventures, of inestimable worth, but who can tell how much of these she possesses until she is tried?

May none of our readers be called upon to test themselves in this respect! It is during visits to strange houses, or when staying at hotels in traveling, that the necessity for taking precautions against intruders at night is most likely to be thought of.

It is always wise to be provided with a night-light; thieves seldom risk entering a lighted room.

As to locking doors, we all know what resistance the ordinary key and latch offer to the adept in house-breaking. He simply produces a little instrument of the nature of scissors, and gently turns the bolt. He can be circumvented however.

A wedge of wood firmly placed beneath the door makes it tolerably fast. Every nervous lady should be provided with a simple wedge, which is easily put in, and as easily removed by the hand that placed it there.

Unfortunately, we cannot all take the visits of burglars as philosophically as a little Princess, who thought, on seeing a strange man in her nursery, that "Father Christmas had come again."

It is the first time, we fancy, that an attempt at burglary has been idealized. A woman's best weapons in such an emergency are, if not the reality, at all events, the show of fearlessness, presence of mind, quickness in resource, and—last but not least—powerful lungs. We fear that few will find that much strength lies in their own right hand.

Constance.

BY A. B.

THERE was opening of doors, a sound of feet traversing a floor which the strip of carpet scarce deadened. Then entered into the hospital ward two men carrying a burden.

Another sufferer added to the number of maimed and wounded. Number Twenty-two, the new-comer, seemed to be badly hurt, yet evidently he had not lost consciousness.

Number Twenty-two opened his eyes languidly as footsteps barely audible approached his bedside—opened his eyes upon the nurse bending over him, and the weary expression changed to a startled one of surprise and incredulity, and in hoarse accents he spoke the name—

"Constance!"

"Frederick! Hush—no more!"

No more passed between this man and woman at the time. The surprise of their meeting had been too great, the memory of their parting too fresh and painful, to permit a continuance of speech.

During the weary interval while Frederick Layton was lying helpless on his bed, a face came and vanished like a vision in a dream, with wonderful dark-grey eyes under delicately pencilled brows, while from beneath her cap escaped a few rebellious tendrils of golden hair. This was "Sister Constantia," once known as Constance Livingstone.

One day she sat beside Frederick Layton, and he said, suddenly—

"Constance, you forgive me?"

"Yes, freely," she replied.

"I have repented—I have wished to atone," he went on. "For months I have looked for you, and I find you here."

"You find me here!" she echoed.

"You have joined the sisterhood?"

Her eyes fell upon the cross which hung at her side, and she bowed assent.

"I never thought of that. You were so gay, Constance. I looked for you on the stage—everywhere but here. It seems so inconsistent."

"No; I have changed my nature," she said. "The woman you knew is dead to the world. I am not she; I am Sister Constantia."

"Why do you not question me? Why do you not reproach me?" asked Frederick Layton, his eyes fixed upon her face. "Constance, I sinned, but it was an impulse. My heart was always true to you, and I returned to tell you so, but you were gone. Oh, the agony of that hour—the vain search for you, until heart and brain were sick! Picture my misery, and pity me!"

"I do pity you, Frederick, and I forgive you for the blow you dealt. May Heaven forgive you as I do."

"Your forgiveness is most precious." Then stretching out his hand he went on—"I shall soon be well again. Put your hand in mine, and promise me that you will go with me when I leave this place, Constance."

"Nay, I cannot promise, for I cannot go," was the reply. "My home—the home of our sisterhood—adjoins the hospital. I cannot leave it."

"Do not say so, Constance! Dearest, think of my great love! Believe that I will ever be true, and give me an answer that will not cause me grief."

He covered his face for a moment with his hands, and, when he took them away, she was gone.

Back to her poor room, with its bare walls and cheerless aspect, went Constance. She lay there in an attitude of utter despair. And then a vision of the past seemed to float before her eyes.

She was a merry, golden-haired girl, in a robe of shimmering satin; a misty veil and snowy wreath crowned her head. Then came a note, with an import of cruel words, blasting her happiness.

"I love her," they ran. "Forgive me, and good-bye."

Those that came to seek Constance that day, found her lying in her crushed bridal robes. Within one small clenched hand was the note—the swift weapon that had killed her faith and love.

Ah, had it killed that quenchless love? She prayed that it had. But it rose triumphant, and temptation now awaited her. She seemed to have no strength left wherewith to combat it, and at last a smile broke over her pale features.

How unutterably sweet to her was Layton's affection! The water of Lethe should o'erflow the past, and Frederick should again possess her implicit faith and confidence.

She arose to her feet and went to him, and she found him slumbering. She looked upon the handsome countenance, and as she gazed a smile hovered for a moment around his lips; but it took a mocking curve, and it seemed as if it mocked her, mocked the old faith that had been slain and resurrected, and doubt arose and whispered—

"He may deceive again, or be false to marriage vows. Trust him not."

Constance knew that a second deceit and cruelty would kill her—better to undergo suffering now.

Thus could she preserve an ideal love, although the reality escaped her.

As she stood thinking, Layton opened his eyes.

"Ah, Constance, my love! You have come to tell me that you will be my dear wife?"

"No, Frederick, I have come to say farewell forever. My life—my duty—is here. Yours"—pointing towards the door—"is there. Again, farewell."

For a moment her hand clasped his, and he saw her beautiful face above him like a star; then Constance was gone, and Frederick Layton went forth feeling that henceforth life would be a blank.

But time is a wonderful consoler, and he had commenced to feel a certain calm pleasure in living when one morning he was shocked to read the following:

"DIED.—On Wednesday, the 28th inst., Sister Constantia (Constance Livingstone), of the Convent of the Sacred Heart."

AN UNPATRIOTIC SPIDER.—It is said that when spiders are seen crawling more abundantly and actively than usual upon the indoor walls of houses, rain may shortly be expected. But the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand:—

Toward the end of the last century Quartermaster Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider, and eight years of imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed in its ways. In December of 1794 the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland, and victory seemed certain if the frost, which then raged with unprecedented severity, continued. The Dutch envoy had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was in despair, when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spider warned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that his weather monitor never deceived him. He contrived, accordingly, to communicate with the French general, who duly estimated his character and at once accepted his assurance that within a few days the water would again be passable by troops. The retreat was delayed. Within twelve days the frost had returned, and the French army triumphed.

A MUSTARD SPONGE.—For mustard poultices, a sponge makes the best of mustard carriers. Mix the mustard in a basin with water until the mass is smooth and of even consistency. Then take the soft mass all up with a clean sponge, lay the sponge in the centre of a soft white handkerchief, tie up the corners of the handkerchief neatly to form a hold, and apply the smooth convex surface to the skin. This mustard sponge, warmed again by the fire and slightly moistened, can be applied three or four times, is good for several hours, and saves the trouble of making a new poultice for reapplication.

He said: "My love, I am desperately sorry to disappoint you about the picnic to-morrow, but my fine trotter has a lame foot." "Is that all? Then you may count on going, for we've got a bottle of Salvation Oil, that will cure him at once."

Humorous.

THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

There lived a melancholy man
Far, far away in Michigan,
Who all day long would weep and cry,
And beat his breast, and groan and sigh,
And stand, the image of despair,
Till owls built nests amid his hair.
The kindly folk his heart had bound
With iron girders round and round,
Lest it should break—they argued so—
From such intensity of woe.

There came a sage to Michigan,
To interview this mournful man;
Full many a mile he'd trudged to see
This case of eccentricity.
He looked him up, he looked him down,
Then said, with most portentous frown,
"I'd like to know, sir, why you cry?"
The other heaved a monstrous sigh—
"I cannot tell you, no, not I;
I've long ago forgotten why!"
—U. N. NONE.

The crematory is the burn from which no traveler returns.

Friends are like flies; if you have a bald place they settle on it.

The fellow whose head was turned was a wooden head, of course.

Trusting to chants—Expecting to get to heaven by singing hymns.

When a man is 25 he knows something; when he is 45 he wishes he knew something.

Never offer to post a letter for a friend. The accidental dropping of a letter may change friend into fiend.

March is a month injected into the year for the benefit of those industrious mechanics who restore swinging signs to their places.

So long as men are imprudent in their diet and careless in their business, doctors and lawyers will continue to ride in their carriages.

Ther' is some men so alfired eggertistical, that when they go to a funeral they git jealous, 'cause the folks pay so much attention to ther' corpse.

While a man lives in this world he seldom gets credit for all he does and says. When he dies, he gets credit for three times as much as he ever did or said.

Nothing suggests the arrival of the millennium more forcibly than the sight of an old tom-cat sleeping peacefully by the fireplace with his head resting on a bootjack.

Dogs naturally have a great deal of curiosity, but a dog who has happened to wonder once how a bite of porcupine would taste, seldom feels that sort of curiosity another time.

Little man: "I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar!" Big man: "No, I didn't use the word unmitigated." Little man: "Then I accept your apology."

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water and I put them into the oven to dry."

"My dear children," said Deacon Blank, addressing the scholars, "can you tell me why you come to Sunday-school?" "'Cause our pas would wallop us if we didn't," promptly responded a small scholar.

"Is me wife in here, do you know?" asked a caller at police headquarters recently. "She is not," was the reply. "Thank heaven, but that's a relief to my mind! If she isn't here she must have tumbled into the river!"

An exquisite, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to a ticket-office of a railway station and inquired: "Must I—aw—take a special ticket for a puppy?" "No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.

Visitor: "Well, Mrs. Flanagan, what did the doctor say about your poor husband's deafness?" Mrs. Flanagan: "Bedad, miss, the docthor says Tim'll never hear agin. But," whispered Mrs. F., "plase don't spake loud—it might make him depressed loike."

"And now," concluded the revivalist, "if there is any one here who wants to ask any question, let him be heard." "I'd like to know," said an old, baldheaded sinner, rising in the back seat, "how many marbles have been dropped on my head by those scalawags in the gallery? I'm no pavement."

I will give you a cure for dyspepsia that is not patented or original: "If the white bootblack blacks the black bootblack's boot will the black bootblack's boot be blacked? If the white bootblack blacks but one of the black bootblack's boots, what will the black bootblack do?" Directions—Draw in a long breath and then repeat the above cures as rapidly as possible.

Tramp, whose request for food has been denied: "Well, ma'am, would you let me sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn if I won't make any noise?" Woman: "Ye-es, I don't mind lettin' ye do that." Tramp, appealingly: "Well, one thing more, ma'am, before I say good-night. Would you have me called at 7 sharp? I want to catch the limited cattle train west."

The conductor came through the car collecting tickets. One of the two old ladies deep in conversation took from her pocket what she thought was her pasteboard, and when she handed it to the conductor he said to her: "No, thank you, ma'am. I used one before I left home this morning." She looked and saw it was a fine-toothed comb. Unabashed, she asked, "Were you successful?"

A citizen whose heels were striking sparks from the flagstones as he walked, entered the water office yesterday, selected his clerk, and fiercely announced: "Sir, you can send up and take your old gas meter out of my house." "This is not the gas office," "It isn't?" "No, sir; this is the water office." "Oh, is it? Well, then, send up and turn your infernal old water off! I'm not going to walk a mile and a half for nothing."

WORTH REMEMBERING.

That the tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

That cheerfulness is the summer of the heart.

That sleep is the best stimulant, a nervine safe for all to take.

That it is better to be able to say "no" than to be able to read Latin.

That cold air is not necessarily pure, nor warm air necessarily impure.

That a cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

That there are men whose friends are more to be pitied than their enemies.

That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give but hard enough to take.

That wealth may bring luxuries, but that luxuries do not always bring happiness.

That grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives made up of trifling events.

That it is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to keep you in mind.

That men often preach from the housetops while the devil is crawling in at the basement below.

That life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely and give a helping hand to those around them.

That hasty wounds often rankle in the wound which injury gives, and that soft words assuage it; forgiving cures, and forgetting takes away the scar.

AS A STEPMOTHER.—A well-known and wealthy manufacturer, Dubot, of Paris, has had a young clerk in his employ for two years, with whose services and behavior he has been greatly pleased. In fact, so much had the young man endeared himself to his employer that he was taken into the family circle and permitted to enjoy the society of his daughter, a blooming miss of seventeen summers.

Some time ago M. Dubot sent for his trusted clerk, and said to him confidentially:

"You are a handsome, clever, and industrious young man. My Minnie is but seventeen years old, and you please her much. She has a dower left her by her deceased mother of twenty thousand dollars. If you have a mind to marry her we will arrange the wedding before Lent."

The young clerk known to his employer as Ernest Lamotte, turned pale at this kind proposition, and was silent. Upon recovering he inquired:

"Have I satisfied you in the performance of my duties during the two years that I have remained with you?"

"More than satisfied me," replied the manufacturer, enthusiastically.

"Well, whatever the consequences may be," he began hesitatingly, "I must now entrust you with my secret. My name is not Ernest, but Ernestine. I have passed through a commercial course of instruction, fitting me for any position in which a man would receive sixty dollars per month. In female apparel I could earn but twenty dollars. This explains all."

M. Dubot, of course, was duly astonished. Taking his worthy clerk by the hand, he reassuringly replied:

"I hope to be able to console Minnie in her disappointment. Her husband, I see, you cannot be; but what would you think of the proposition of becoming her stepmother?"

It was now the turn of Ernestine to show astonishment. Requesting a day for consideration, the new bargain was made.

A Highland chief being on his deathbed was exhorted to forgive his enemies. He called his eldest son to his bedside and thus spoke his last. "Donald, you see what a pass I hae come to, and I am told that I must forgive my enemies and especially The M'Tavish, and for my soul's sake I do forgive him accordingly. But, Donald, ma dear son, if ever ye forgie The Tavish or ony o' his infernal name, may ma curse rest on ye forever and ever. Amen!"

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Manual of all Diseases,
By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
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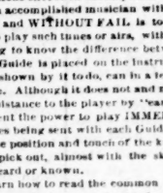

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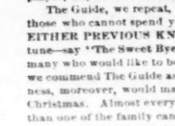

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Dressing-gowns are being made with hoods, of a white thick woolen material striped with color. The fronts are loose and button down the front; the backs are well curved to the figure. The distinguishing features are the hood lined with silk, and the wide Abbess sleeves with revers or paraments of the same silk.

Mantles are exceedingly elaborate. They are mostly in the mantelet form, and are frequently made of two, sometimes three materials.

Even the long mantles completely cover the dress have the long pointed sleeves of a second material.

A noticeable feature in this season's mantelets is the plastron all down the front, consisting entirely of rows of silk, beads, or chenille fringe.

In direct contrast to these are the simple mantelets with sling sleeves made of brown plush, totally untrimmed and lined with wadded brown, pale blue, salmon, or old gold satin, and the short cloth jackets edged with fur, closing diagonally across the front, the deep fur collar continuing in a shaped revers down the diagonal line of the right front.

Rich vetements and sorties de bal, if trimmed with fur, have usually blue fox on them, that beautiful fur which was so rarely seen formerly, with its soft fine hair, and nondescript gray color, showing almost pink or blue in certain lights.

It looks exquisite on flame plush, when epaulettes and ornaments of cashmere and gold passementerie add to the richness. This is a favorite combination for sorties de bal.

In the course of months, and even years, the voluminous puffs and draperies of formerly have given place to the long, plain, graceful draperies in fashion to-day, and which becomes all figures. But things always go to extremes.

On the downward path to perfect plainness and flatness the redingote has recovered all its sway, not the redingote pardessus which has never gone out of fashion, but the redingote tunic, which seems to promise a prevalence of plush and velvet.

These materials are never more lovely than when forming a redingote tunic over a pleated skirt of a finer, softer, paler material.

The redingote is far more becoming to stout figures than voluminous puffs and draperies, which raised at the back on a sort of scaffolding formed by tournure and cushion, had the most ridiculous appearance. If the redingote tunic does not remove too large dimensions, at any rate it does not increase them.

A model, serving equally well for slender figures, has the corsage pointed in front; the point alone is free, the fronts from the first breast seam extending into long redingote panels on each side to the backs. For very slender figures it is advisable to turn back these panels to the tournure, to show the lining, for it increases the apparent size of the figure. To give more size, the redingote panels can be added and sewn to the basques of the corsage with a slight fulness. The backs are quite novel, because a straight back is not elegant.

Sometimes the back basques are short and pleated, showing the draped skirt below puffing through the opening, which is very effective, but the following style is newer:

The two backs below the waist, instead of being sewn selvedge to selvedge, are sewn together six inches beyond the selvedge, as if to leave a revers on each side. At the top the two spaces of six inches are sewn together in a sort of pointed hood, which is allowed to fall down in a triangle; the revers are lined, and falling freely each forms a sort of coquille. If the tunic is brown or green, red faille lines the revers. It is very graceful and novel.

There is a tendency to wear round skirts very long, touching the feet in front, and resting on the ground at the back. It is very graceful, and is adopted by all elegantes who drive instead of walking. But unfortunately ladies who have to walk are throwing aside their short skirts as common in consequence. But is not the short skirt preferable to muddy boots and petticoats, or a round skirt carried ungracefully in the hand?

The skirt just touching the ground is the least convenient for walking purposes, it being too long to keep clear, and too short to carry well in the hand.

Fur-trimmed polonaises are much used as reception dresses; later in the season, when a mantle can be dispensed with, they can be used for walking or driving.

A reception costume for a married lady, has a polonaise of gray cloth. The skirt is of gray silk broche forming a square tablier edged with fur. The polonaise is open in front below the waist, and is made of gray cloth. The fronts fall straight and open, edged with fur, and the back is draped on the tournure, but falls plain below to the edge of the skirt, edged with fur. In front is a pointed panel of broche outlined with fur, which also encircles the neck. The long sleeves are tight-fitting, and are finished with fur paraments. Blue fox is the fur used, which combines well with the delicate gray of the cloth and broche. In front is a broche dog collar to the plastron.

A second reception dress is of brick sicilienne and plush of the same color. The silk skirt is arranged in wide, flat, double box-pleats. A long tablier, also arranged in box-pleats, conceals the right of the skirt and is draped up on the left, leaving the pleats of the skirt exposed, which are ornamented with a graceful ladder of plush ribbon, each festoon being secured by the large bows of the same.

The corsage is very pretty, pointed in front, and slit up to the waist in the back, leaving the drapery puffing through, and ornamented with plush revers. The right front is arranged in three deep pleats, but the left is ornamented with a shaped plush revers. The upright dog-collar is of plush, and the close-fitting long sleeves are finished with a pointed plush parement.

Pekin faille and velvet is extensively used for toilettes, the stripes being of medium size, partly placed horizontally and partly vertically.

A toilette has a plain skirt of pekin faille and velvet, rose-pink and moss-green, the stripes being vertical. On the left side is a wide square panel of moss-velvet. The back drapery is well puffed and made of the pekin faille. The tablier is of the same, but the stripes are arranged horizontally; it falls free in pleats on the panel, but is draped up on the right.

The corsage is pointed in front, made of pekin, and ornamented in front with a draped plastron of velvet, finished with a velvet dog-collar, which fastens with a silver brooch. The long sleeves have velvet paraments also, fastened with silver brooches or clasps.

With the small capotes, now so much worn a little veil is necessary, made and arranged so as not to crush the curled and piled hair. It can be made in the following manner:

Take a piece of fine tulle, plain or finely spotted, about 15 inches long, and 10 wide; the lower edge must be rounded off until the ends are mere points. Take a space of 10 inches in the centre of the upper edge, and lightly gauge it so that the tulle does not press upon and flatten the hair. This veil is very becoming, especially for small capotes which leave much front hair visible.

Fancy pocket-handkerchiefs, more for ornament than for use, are provided with profusion, and they certainly display much beauty and novelty.

The only handkerchief which is usually used as a handkerchief, not as an ornament, is the square of fine white batiste, with deep hem-stitched border, the coronet or monogram of the owner being embroidered in one corner. It is all white, and is terra firma among handkerchiefs, altering little in the course of years.

Then come a shoal of mouchoirs de ville, as they are called, pretty ornamental articles, whose only use is to brighten a corsage by being stuck within the fronts of the corsage, or the breast-pocket of a jacket.

There is the Jeannot handkerchief of white batiste, sprinkled with little patterns and flowers in some color, the hem being narrow and felled in the ordinary manner. Elegantes possess these by the dozen, for they are light and fragile, and soil very easily.

Or similar hankerchiefs have colored borders—blue, pink, Ophelie, etc., the name of the owner, the full signature, being darned in the same color in one corner. A fanciful festoon sometimes replaces the plain colored border.

Then there are the handkerchiefs peculiar to indoor toilettes, worn in the belt, in the corsage, carried in the hand, etc., a la Sarah Bernhardt.

One example is of the palest pink muslin embroidered in shaded and darker pink silks.

Odds and Ends.

EGGING AND BREAD-CRUMBING.

Egging and bread-crumbing is one of those simple operations in cookery for the due performance of which one scarcely ever sees directions given.

In cookery books we often see the words, "egg and bread-crumb in the usual way," but few people think it necessary to go into details concerning it.

Yet it is a business in which it is exceedingly easy to make a blunder, and also scarcely possible to fail if attention is paid to one or two points.

I have no doubt that there are a great many would-be cooks who feel rather in a fog as to what these points are, and who when they are called upon to egg and bread-crumb feel anxious and uncertain as to what the result of their efforts will be.

"Will the fish or the cutlet be light or yellow when it is finished, or will it be burnt? And how is it that they can never make the coating uniform, and avoid leaving it in patches and looking mottled?"

If these inexperienced individuals will listen to me for a few minutes, I will tell them what I know about the process, and I hope this will enable them to discover what their mistake has hitherto been, so that they may avoid it for the future.

In trying to perform any culinary operation, it is a great assistance if we know clearly what we are aiming at, and can say in so many words what we want to do.

Now, in egging and breading, we want to enclose the food which we intend to fry with a coating of egg and bread-crumbs which shall form a perfect, unbroken covering of a uniform brown color, and act as a crust to keep the fat out, and to keep the juices and goodness in.

It is evident that to do any good the coating must be whole, otherwise it will not answer the purpose intended. If there is a break in it here, another there, the flavor will get out, and the fat get in, and the whole affair will be a failure.

Our endeavor, therefore, must be to make the coating perfect, and to achieve this we must first of all look after the bread-crumbs to see that there are a sufficiency of them, and that they are of the right sort. I say "first of all" because bread-crumbs for frying are amongst the things which it is not safe to prepare just when they are wanted.

If a girl says at the last moment, "oh, dear, I want some bread-crumbs," and takes a slice off the loaf, cuts away the crust, and rubs the crumbs between her hands, she is just doing what she can to make fish or cutlet, or whatever it is that is to be fried, unsightly.

Crumbs made in a hurry like this are likely to be made of bread which is new, and new bread makes large, uneven crumbs, whereas the crumbs for frying should be as fine as fine oatmeal, even and dry. They should be prepared from stale bread.

It is a very slovenly way of making them to rub them between the hands; they should be rubbed through a wire sieve, and they will be all the better for being dried in a cool oven after being thus passed through.

But in any case it must be understood that unless the crumbs are dry, the article to be fried will not take a good color.

Many sensible cooks make a practice of putting aside any broken pieces of bread which they may have, and rubbing these through a sieve as they have leisure, then putting them away in a dried stoppered bottle to be used when wanted.

This method is an excellent one and can scarcely be too strongly recommended. In many households it is a difficulty to know what to do with the stale bread. Here is an excellent way of disposing of it:

The crumbs may be put in a dry place, and they will improve with keeping, so long as they are not permitted to grow fusty. Even the crumbs which have had fish or croquettes rolled in them, may be used again and again if they are sifted afresh; and those which have been moistened with egg, and so have stuck together, are kept back.

But if through accident it should happen that crumbs must be made as they are wanted, it is absolutely necessary that the crumbs only of stale bread should be taken, and it is advisable that the slices, before they are rubbed through the sieve to make them fine and even, should be put into a cool oven to secure their absolute dryness.

I dare say girls who have been to exhibitions where domestic appliances are on view, are well acquainted with what is called the "rotary" grater, even if they are not fortunate enough to possess one already.

The disadvantage of rubbing bread through a wire sieve is that it is rather a lengthy process, and that they cannot rub it entirely through; there are sure to be some little pieces which must be left behind. With the "rotary" it can be used to the last fragment, and the machine is exceedingly expeditious in its actions.

A "rotary" suitable for family use costs about two dollars, and in the long run it is an economy. It can be used also for mashing potatoes.

Where a wire sieve must be used, it is always possible to dry the pieces which will not pass through, till they crisp without being brown, and when cold crush them with a rolling-pin, and afterwards put them through the sieve.

PUMPKIN PIE ON VINES.—The curious experiment has been tried during the past summer of feeding a pumpkin with milk. One of the roots was allowed to rest in a basin of milk, and the plant absorbed a pint of the liquid each day. At the end of the season the pumpkin weighed 250 pounds. This suggests what may become a very profitable industry. If the pumpkin will absorb milk, why not also eggs, sugar, and the other ingredients of pumpkin pie? Thus, at the end of the season, the pumpkin may be sliced up into suitable pieces and retailed as pie.

Confidential Correspondents.

J. C. B.—"What is our opinion of a man that has no prejudices?" We should like to see such a man, if any such exists. If there is a man who thinks he has no prejudices, our opinion of him is that he is very much mistaken.

J. F. T.—The new charter for the city of Philadelphia goes into effect April 4. It provides that all clerks, officers and employees, with certain exceptions, shall be appointed by the heads of the several departments under civil service rules.

STAR-GAZER.—Any good text-book on astronomy should tell you that the globe revolves about the sun by the first motion given to it by the Creator, and which is since maintained by the law of gravity. If your books do not give these points in full, they are defective, and you should get better ones.

JOURNAL.—It is a common error to suppose that Saxon words in our language outnumber those of Greek and Latin derivation. The "true English" words are more used than those which come from the dead languages, but they are only about nine thousand in number, whereas the Greek and Latin words number thirty-four thousand.

MANDOLINE.—By selecting two different stations on the earth's surface, knowing the distance between them, then taking the angle from these two stations to the planet or sun, etc., you calculate how far the planet is distant. These calculations cannot be made without a knowledge of Euclid, Trigonometry, and Logarithms. Any book on astronomy will give you the information you want.

EXPAT.—1. Weimar is in Saxony. Malabar is the south-western coast of India. 2. Explorations have been made much nearer the North Pole than the South. The Antarctic region is mainly land covered with an enormous ice-sheet which makes approach to the South Pole almost impossible. The North Pole is much nearer to us, much more accessible, much more open, and therefore to us much more interesting.

TIDDY.—1. By no means join the elocution-class. It will be far better for you to study at home. A grammar will do you no earthly good. Read good literature, and observe the usage of accurate speakers. Leave your handwriting alone; it is quite pretty enough without any mending. If we may judge by the letter you send us, the same thing is true of your grammatical expression. You write far better, both as to manner and matter, than nineteen educated women out of twenty. All you want is a little more confidence.

E. ELLIOTT.—The coin you describe was evidently struck in the reign of one of the Charleses—the first, in all probability, for if it had been in that of the second, it would have been so expressed. The letters on top of the royal arms stand for "Carolus Rex (Charles, King)," and the inscription means, "I reign with Christ as my protector." The inscription on the other side means, "Charles, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland." You can ascertain the denomination and value of the coin by offering it to a dealer.

LIMUS.—There is no medicine that can be given to children attending school to "ward off" infectious diseases, such as measles. But it is a good plan to keep the hair of children attending public day schools very short, to insist on their washing hands and face on their return, and to dress them in clothes that will wash well and that do not hold dirt. We cannot suggest a remedy for the child holding its breath when coughing. The symptom suggests croup. If you pinch a child's nose, it must open its mouth—a fact of value when medicine has to be forcibly administered.

A. C.—The original source of the expression, "Pouring oil on troubled waters," has never been clearly ascertained. There is a reference to the practice in Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," where Bishop Aidan is made to say, "I know that soon after you shall embark you will meet with a storm and a contrary wind; but then remember to cast this oil which I now give you into the sea, and immediately the storm shall cease." But there are much earlier references to the practice, though not to the exact expression. Plutarch, for instance, who flourished in the first and second centuries of the Christian era, discusses what Aristotle had said on this subject more than 400 years before.

CECIL.—1. Pernambuco is a hot and unhealthy tropical town. The neighborhood is low and malarious. There are some American families there, but probably no school for their children. Living is very cheap as regards provisions; clothing and manufactured articles are about fifty per cent. dearer. Light summer dresses are absolutely necessary. Customs' duties rule high. The houses are wooden tropical bungalows. Rents run moderate. There are plenty of mosquitoes; but you need not mind them—they would be the very least of your troubles. Yellow-fever is far more serious. 2. Your handwriting is pretty and legible; for pity's sake do not make it more angular, and so spoil it!

CLAUDIA.—1. Your penmanship is up to the mark in clearness and beauty, and far beyond the average lady's hand. 2. There are a number of preparations, any of which may be obtained in a well-furnished drug-store. It is a bad practice, however, and outside of actresses and certain classes of women is not so common as you may suppose. 3. We think you are very pretty and "stylish" from the description given. Of course we do not know the reason why your male friends seem to admire, but do not love. As you only can hope for our opinion then, we will give it: They may see too much inclination in you towards "pride" and "fashion" so far as these qualities are represented by pencilling the eye-brows, etc. Healthy-minded men may admire pencilled eye-brows, but they seldom love them enough to marry their owners.

A. E. B.—We cannot imagine where you can have seen the statement that "gunpowder will explode on contact with an icicle" with the sense that you attach to it—i. e., that an icicle can be made to set fire to gunpowder. Of course gunpowder will fire, though its own temperature is very low. Arctic explorers continually shoot game with cartridges the temperature of which must be, like the barrels of their guns, many degrees below zero. A hole could be drilled in a block of ice, charged with powder, and the block blasted; and we believe in Canada and elsewhere, on the occasion of ice-fetes, little cannons have been carved out of pieces of ice, loaded with small charges of powder, and fired. All this combustion in or on ice presupposes dry and therefore very cold ice. Read your authority again, and see if you have not misunderstood it; as you put the statement, it is sheer nonsense.